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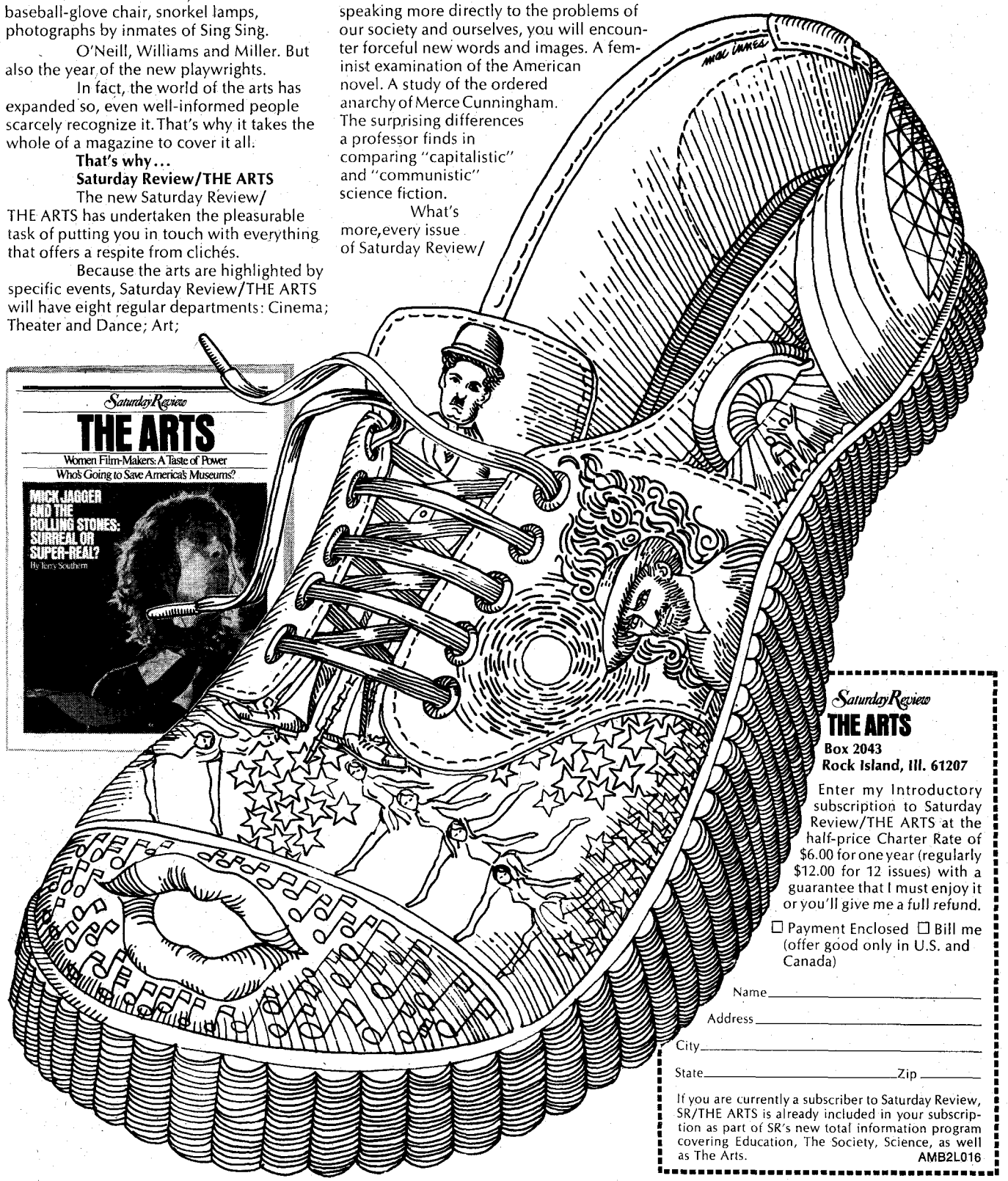
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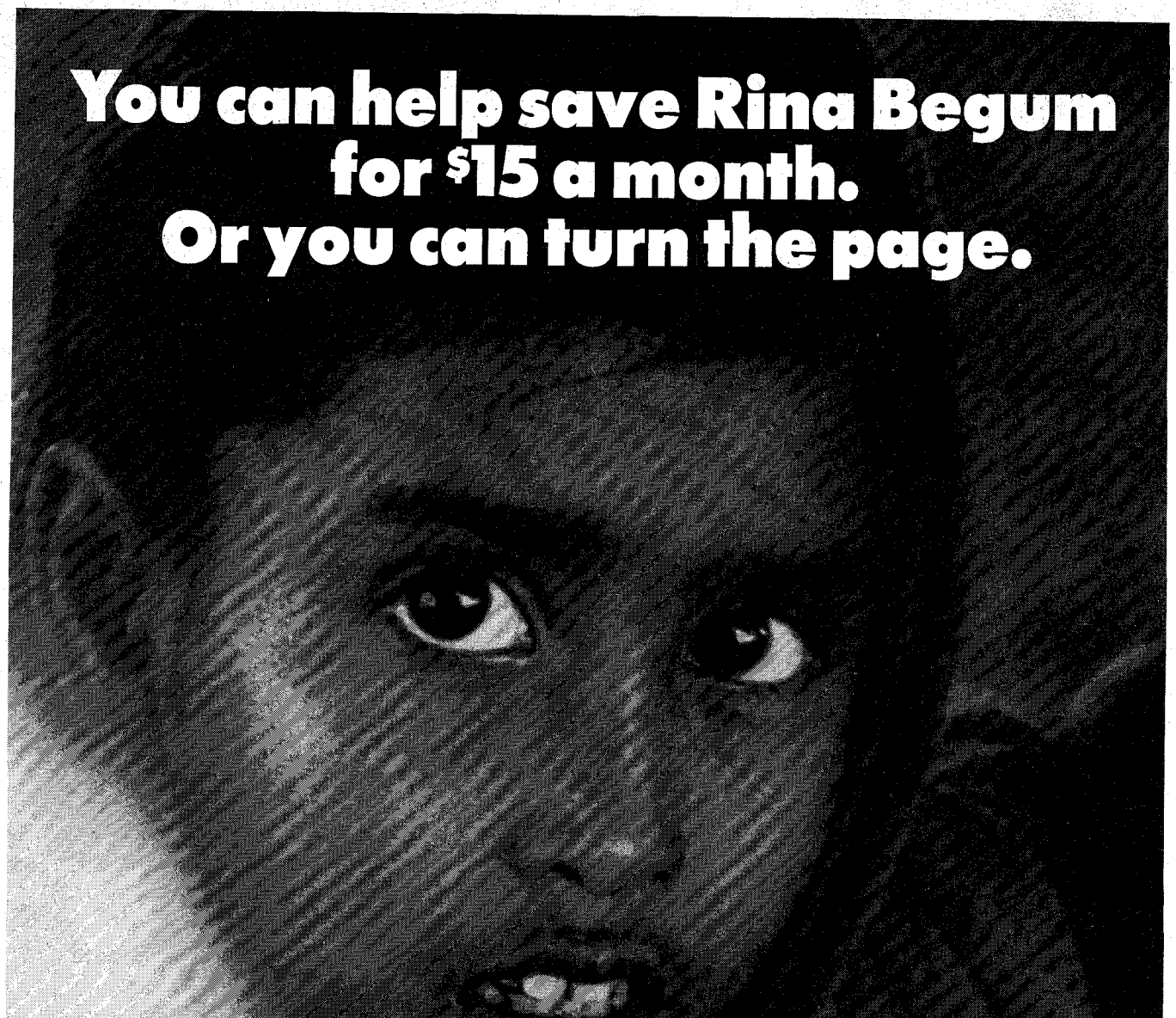

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November 25, 1972

Dizzy

President Nixon began comparing himself to Benjamin Disraeli when Pat Moynihan, that erstwhile White House leprechaun, reminded him that reform could be wedded to conservatism. Flattered by the thought, he sent Congress his surprising bill for family assistance and guaranteed incomes.

Now, two days before election, Mr. Nixon gave an extraordinarily revealing hour's interview to Garnett Horner of *The Washington Star News* outlining what amounts to a four-year blueprint of Disraeli progressive conservatism: a program of throwing America's weight around abroad (Disraeli would have called it a "spirited foreign policy"), combined with a revival of national ardor at home, and some vague and unstated upper-class reforms to be vouchsafed at some later time to the poor.

Mr. Nixon's self-identification with Disraeli really deserves a new look. "I would say that my views, my approach, is probably that of a Disraeli Conservative," he told Horner—"a strong foreign policy, strong adherence to basic values . . . but combined with reform, reform that will work, not reform that destroys. . . ."

There is oblique and amusing evidence that Mr. Nixon has been reading Disraeli's speeches, and particularly his thrusts at Gladstone in that magnificent parliamentary duel that dominated British politics for 20 years. Suddenly, at San Clemente, political writers began referring to Mr. Nixon's cabinet as "burnt-out volcanoes." Anybody with the key knew that this was one of Disraeli's orotund phrases; only he was referring to the Gladstone ministry. He said the row of them reminded him of a South American landscape: "You behold a row of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea."

Why does the reserved, aloof President identify himself with the flexible, romantic political wizard of the 19th century? Well, neither was fully trusted. Neither had a gift for friendship. Neither was lovable. The ambition of each was boundless; each had a passion for politics; each was a pragmatist ("opportunist" in the 19th century). The nickname "Dizzy" as a pejorative is about equivalent to "Tricky Dick."

In fairness, there was another similarity, too; each believed in the loftiness of his country, and felt that it was his role to restore eroded values; "to resume the national principles to which we attribute the greatness and grandeur of the country," said Disraeli; to institute "a new feeling of responsibility, a new feeling of self-discipline," said the President to Horner.

But Dizzy, that hawk-nosed, ringleted, faintly sinister genius, was a romantic as evidenced by the novels he wrote and his baroque adulation of Queen Victoria. Surely Mr. Nixon is no romantic (anyway, he doesn't write novels). But wait a minute. Those gaudy trips of his to Peking and Moscow—they were in the romantic tradition. Shortly after inauguration he is expected to fly off for another grand tour of Europe; later perhaps to Japan. Dizzy at the Congress of Berlin would have appreciated such jaunts; they play a powerful role in government. And there is another trivial incident; remember how Mr. Nixon proposed to dress up his White House guards in a kind of Viennese musical comedy uniform with visors and shakos? Like a flash of insight it showed a pure purple vein of romance beneath.

It is a temptation to push the analogy too far. Yet Mr. Nixon must have noticed that Disraeli came to power after a long interval of Gladstonian reform that irritated the affluent. "Often after a period of strenuous reform," notes the historian, "a moment arrives quite suddenly when the British people tires of being improved." Yes, McGovern found that out, too. As for Disraeli, he decided that it was time to beat the patriotic drum for a while, and later put into effect some very valuable reforms of his own in favor of trade unionists that "will gain and retain for the Conservatives the lasting affection of the working classes." He was interested in enfranchising the "upper artisan class" (*i.e.*, hardhats and blue-collar workers) and not the social "residiuum," which represented the impoverished masses (like our ghetto dwellers).

Is there a modern parallel? In his interview with Horner, Mr. Nixon deplored "more massive hand-outs to people, making the people more and more dependent, looking to government. . . ." And he declared, "The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. . . . If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled and eventually a very weak individual."

It is a comment of quite stunning condescension, hard to believe save in the Disraeli context. He will "reinstill a pride of country," make them "feel proud of their country's role in the foreign field"; "we are going to play a great role in the world." It is rather alarming.

Weary once at the torrential flood of Gladstone's earnest moral indignation the cynical Dizzy called him a man "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Wow! The two leaders loathed each other, but there was nothing in their exchanges quite like the feeling of personal betrayal and persecution which Mr. Nixon sometimes uses to his critics. In talking extemporaneously to wives of POWs he assailed "the opinion leaders"—journalists, TV commentators, professors and "presidents of our universities"—who failed to rally to him when he resumed bombing. He talked as though their support was a matter of right.

There is more of this in his interview with Horner. The nation, he said, has "passed through a very great spiritual crisis," one in which "we saw a breakdown in frankly what I would call the leadership class in this country." He attributes crime, drugs and permissiveness to this "breakdown"; the "leadership," he says, should have recognized that "you must not weaken a people's character."

Here the parallel with Disraeli, we think, breaks down. The highbrows detested Dizzy, too, almost to a man. But the Englishman could not have replied like this; call it style, call it pride—he couldn't have done it.

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That Low Turnout

Of the 140 million people judged old enough to vote, only 76 million, 55 percent, made it to the polls November 7. The Census Bureau will publish a post-election survey in December showing who voted, who registered, where and in what proportions, but it won't explain why. There are no official statistics yet on how many registered for this election, or what percentage of registered voters actually went to the polls. But if the same proportions held true this year as in 1968, then about 105 million (75 percent of the eligible voters) registered. Of that number, 72 percent voted. What this means is that the costly McGovern and Nixon campaigns were played to the most bored electorate since 1948. Not since then, when Truman won with 53 percent voting, has a President won office with so small a turnout. In 1968 about 89 percent of persons registered actually voted (72 percent this year), or in other words, about 60 percent of the eligible population. Were the governed giving consent by abstention?

What happened to the 29 million registered voters who didn't vote? It's theorized that the nonvoters disliked both nominees and wouldn't choose between them, or that they were convinced by the polls that Nixon would win whether they voted or not, and therefore they didn't. It's also said that eager volunteers registered a lot of apathetic people, callow youths and so on, who weren't really interested in voting. Lastly, there were some registered voters, mostly students, who were turned away at the last minute because officials said they weren't legal residents.

But by far the greatest portion of nonvoters—about 33 million this year—were unregistered and so unable to vote even if they had wanted to. States ask people to register before elections to prevent multiple voting. There are an unscrupulous few—the theory goes—who would cheat if registration laws were dropped, though they haven't the nerve to cheat now. Canada, Britain, France all have registration laws, but theirs don't seem to keep away voters as ours do. Recent statistics show the difference: in Canada (this year) 74.6 percent of the electorate turned out; in Britain (1970), 72 percent; and in France (1968), 80 percent. In Canada and Britain the government bears a large part of the burden of registering voters and French citizens are required by law to register at 21.

For years registration has been a problem in the South, where

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election officials created and applied laws in a way that kept most blacks from getting anywhere near the voting booth. Not until passage of the Voting Rights Act in 1965 did the federal government make a concerted effort to strike down the old registration rules. It eliminated the poll tax, literacy and character tests, and required states which had used them to refrain from passing new voting laws, unless approved by the Justice Department, for five years. The act was amended in 1970 to continue federal surveillance of suspect boards until 1975. A report released on November 2 by the Washington Research Project shows that while this law succeeded in breaking the backbone of white restrictions in the South, it didn't end political discrimination or convince blacks that they could register without fear.

The report found that black registrants and white poll-watchers are still being intimidated, and that in Louisiana, Georgia and Virginia, some precincts were redrawn in a way that diluted black voting power. The authors conclude that the Justice Department should revive its enforcement of the Voting Rights Act, send better election examiners into the field and challenge Southern states to prove that their new voting districts aren't discriminatory.

There's nothing wrong with these proposals, but Nixon's previous low profile on civil liberties, particularly low on integration, suggests that Congress and not the Executive will have to take the initiative. A bill that narrowly failed to pass the Senate (46-42) last March, and which is expected to reappear in some form next year, might be the solution to both problems of low turnout and racial discrimination. The bill was proposed in 1971 by Senator Kennedy and sent to the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, where Senator Gale McGee's (D, Wyo.) staff worked it over. The version to be presented early next year will probably follow the old outline: the Census Bureau will be given authority to create a Voter Registration Administration which would oversee election procedures across the country. The VRA would see that for federal elections at least, voters could register with local boards simply by writing their name and address on a postcard and sending it in. Registration books would be kept open until 30 days before each election, and no one would be turned away for lacking proof of residency beyond the 30-day limit. It would also provide federal aid for states, up to 10 cents per eligible voter, if local boards need help in registering new voters. The estimated cost is between $50 and $100 million a year—roughly the cost of the F5-A jet fighters promised Thieu.

The bill may have failed in the 92nd Congress because Republicans saw it as an attempt to inflate Democratic voting numbers. It also suffered because six supporters, three of them Democratic presidential candidates, were out of town, when it came up for a vote. Neither impediment should get in the way the next time.

Only the Strong

Only the Strong is the title of a half-hour documentary which has been, or is scheduled to be, shown on some 140 TV stations around the country. Produced by the Institute for American Strategy for an estimated $400,000, distribution and promotion of the film may cost an additional one million dollars. Harry Treleaven, best known for his media work for Republican candidates, wrote and directed the film, said IAS's president John M. Fisher, "to be sure that the result would be of prime time network TV quality." Some of the footage of Soviet weapons was supplied by the Department of Defense, which also permitted the filming of two active-duty air force generals.

Fisher says that "*Only the Strong* simply reports the facts without purple adjectives." Here is a sampling of the facts, taken from the film's transcript, plus some facts of our own:

► "An important recent development is the Soviet's new mach 2 heavy bomber with code name Backfire. . . . The first Soviet Backfires are expected to be deployed in 1973 or 1974." (In his defense report earlier this year, Melvin Laird said there is only "a probability that it [the Backfire] has a capability for inflight refueling," without which it could not reach US targets. He also hedged on Backfire's deployment: "We assess that this new bomber could become operational in the mid-1970s.")

► "Largest and most versatile of the many Soviet missile systems is this SS-9 [Moscow parade film shown] capable of delivering a single 25-megaton warhead. . . . Because of its giant size it is regarded as being primarily a first-strike weapon designed to destroy US Minuteman missiles in their hardened underground silos." (It is precisely its "giant size" which makes a 25-megaton warhead more appropriate for a second strike against a city than for a first strike against a missile silo. The latter can be destroyed more economically by a small, accurate warhead.)

► "In numbers of warheads, we are ahead because we have divided some of ours into smaller multiple warheads, but the Russians have about five times as much missile megatonnage as we have and thus could divide theirs into five times as many warheads as we have." (The United States has a two-to-one lead in missile-warheads that is expected to grow to four-to-one by 1977. We have not simply "divided" large warheads into smaller ones, we have developed and deployed multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles, or MIRVs, on Minuteman III ICBMs and on the Poseidon missiles of our Polaris submarine fleet. The Soviet Union has yet to test a MIRV; the United States is adding them to its nuclear arsenal at the rate of three a day.)

The Institute for American Strategy calls itself "a non-profit institution devoted to public education on national security matters"; its president, Fisher, is

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also the president of the American Security Council, a registered lobby group which, according to *Congressional Quarterly*, is "sponsored by private and business contributions." Some Washington observers regard both these groups as Trojan horses for the defense establishment, whose purpose is to "bad mouth" America's military posture to create a political climate conducive to higher levels of military spending.

The Arms Control Association and the Center for Defense Information have jointly written TV station managers across the country requesting an opportunity to present an alternative viewpoint to *Only the Strong*, citing the Fairness Doctrine. According to ACA, half the stations responding indicated they had not or would not run the IAS film because of its biases and inaccuracies, and all but four of the stations that had shown or planned to show the film agreed to permit an opposing view. In an October 13 fund-raising appeal, Fisher called the ACA-CDI letter a "joint poison-pen letter. . . . It is incredible that anti-defense groups actually have the gall to invoke the Fairness Doctrine! The networks have been giving their minority views extensive coverage for years while ignoring the views of the majority of the American people." Vice President Agnew has not yet been heard from on this question.

Only the Strong has already been shown once on many stations, and the Institute for American Strategy hopes to have it shown five times in every TV market area. Consult your local TV listings.

Dr. Diet Rite

The President looks in reasonably good shape, trimmer than the chipmunk-cheeked candidate of years back; yet he seems preoccupied by poundage. We had read of his taste for cottage cheese and catsup, but not until his recent conversation with the White House correspondent of *The Washington Star News*, Garnett D. Horner, had we realized how diet conscious he is. Government is weighed in the balance and found . . . overweight. Thus, "we are going to shuck off these programs and trim down those programs that have proved simply to be failures. . . . This country has enough on its plate in the way of new spending programs, social programs, throwing dollars at problems. . . . I realize that it is difficult to thin it [government] down in terms of the number of people, but you can be sure that we are going to make an effort. . . . HUD, HEW, Transportation are all too fat, too bloated. . . . The masses of civilian employees who are getting in the way of each other over in the Pentagon and around the country . . . are going to have to take a thinning down. . . . The reforms that we are instituting . . . will make government leaner, but in a sense will make it stronger. After all, fat government is weak, weak in handling the problems. . . . Many times the better is not the fatter but the leaner. . . . You see probably the first campaign of a candidate who didn't go out with a whole bag full of goodies. I have stuck by the program I have and I haven't laid out a lot of new goodies."

We're prepared to jog along. No snacks. A Jack Sprat White House would be attractive to members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Fulbright in particular, who would welcome an Executive that has less weight to throw around. On a more personal level, spartan leaders can set an example, as when Mrs. Nixon remarked, while touring a Chinese kitchen, that the food looked "good enough to eat"—and did not eat any. Although Eleanor Roosevelt was ridiculed for serving the King and Queen of England hot dogs, time has honored her. That "Georgetown cocktail set" that Mr. Nixon disparages is certainly open to criticism for the liberality with which it consumes chicken livers wrapped in bacon. Indulgence has been the downfall of many. The only two presidential incumbents in this century who were defeated for reelection—William Howard Taft and Herbert Hoover—were butterball-faced. Senator Kennedy's future may depend upon his choosing cottage cheese for lunch.

We're with the President, being aware that he speaks symbolically. He sees the White House as a character-

When we have to start wearing our old clothes, at least they'll fit.

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building institution that will encourage Americans "to amount to something." However, we must wait and see who is to be kept lean and hungry, who is to get the cottage cheese and who the cake. It's evidently cake for the military, since Mr. Nixon says that "in terms of the hardware of defense, in terms of the military personnel in defense, the cuts that can be made are certainly minimal." And we guess it's cake with frosting for General Motors and Standard Oil of New Jersey; there's no suggestion they're too bloated. Nevertheless, if the President can arrange jobs for the 3,340,000 Americans who are looking for work and can't find it, he can help them become self-reliant and "carry their share of the load."

If he persuades the industrial polluters to clean up, they also will have "a new feeling of responsibility." And while it's risky, cholesterol-wise, the President could put more on the plates of the 5,303,000 families whose incomes are below the poverty line, and thereby "reinstill some of the faith that has been lost in the sixties."

Open Land Or Open Housing?

Last year, the outlying farm county of Loudoun, Va., just outside the Washington, DC area, refused to allow the Levitt Corporation to build a 4200-unit housing complex, though the county leaders admitted that it was one of the finest plans they'd seen. Howard County, Md., the site of the new town of Columbia, said no when the Marriott Corporation proposed to build a Disneyesque recreation center there. A candidate for chairman of the Fairfax County, Va., Board of Supervisors took out newspaper ads headlined, "I simply won't allow big developers to go on getting rich at taxpayers' expense." The ad blamed increased property taxes on too-rapid development and said, "It's about time we controlled growth in Fairfax County." She was the only Democrat to win in that county. In neighboring Arlington, Va., the independent candidate for the county board characterized his Republican opponent as a tool of the real estate developers. The independent's campaign stressed, "We must control growth before it controls us." He won.

Voters in Colorado turned down more money for the 1976 Winter Olympics partly because of the new development the games would bring. Their allies in Oregon are more blunt: "Save Oregon for the Oregonians," their bumper sticker reads. A *New York Times* headline says, "Sewers in Rockland [NY] Are Fought As Harbingers of Urbanization." The major opponents of the sewers, usually thought of as aids to ecology, were a conservation group. San Franciscans put the future of high-rise buildings on the ballot and lost, but a recent decision of the California Supreme Court requires state and local governments to make complete environmental impact statements on any private construction projects that may have a "significant" effect on the environment. The city fathers of Toronto, Canada are questioning the need for some high-rise apartment buildings, which were found to cost more in services than they contributed in taxes.

The conflict between environmentalists and developers has become commonplace. What's new is the impending clash between ecologists and civil rights activists who want to build low-income housing. Previously the same "liberals" who could be counted on to oppose a highway because it would destroy a park could be counted on in the fight for open housing for low-income families. What happens, though, when the housing advocates want to put a federal housing project on a park site?

Aileen Hernandez of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, told the House Civil Rights Oversight Subcommittee last year of "the misuse of legitimate ecological concerns by some groups opposed to the development of low and moderate income housing and housing for racial and ethnic minorities. Increasingly, housing programs are being challenged by ecologically-oriented groups in concert with old-style racial bigots." She cited environmental groups as the prime movers behind building moratoriums in California. Ecological activists were responsible, she said, for an ordinance in Contra Costa County, California, requiring a 500-square foot green area for each new building unit—"a provision which will substantially increase the cost of multiple unit housing and virtually foreclose the possibility of low to moderate cost construction."

One of the most interesting examples of the ecology/housing conflict came last May in a decision of the New York Court of Appeals, the state's highest tribunal, involving the town of Ramapo, a rapidly growing suburb north of New York City and west of the Hudson. Ramapo decided that all multi-family residential development had to receive a special permit before construction could begin. The permit would be granted only if the development had five essential facilities or services: sanitary sewers, run-off water drainage, parks and recreation facilities, roads and firehouses. The town developed a comprehensive plan that programmed these improvements over an 18-year period. If a developer could not meet the requirements, he would have to wait, perhaps as long as 18 years, or he could install them himself. The system was challenged by a property owner seeking to develop his land, and the local builders association. A lower court upheld the ordinance; an intermediate appeals court overturned it; then the court of appeals reaffirmed the

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validity of the ordinance. A majority of the court found that the Ramapo ordinance, contrary to the charges of the builders and civil rights activists, was not exclusionary. Ramapo, it said, "asks not that it be left alone, but only that it be allowed to prevent the kind of deterioration that has transformed well-ordered and thriving residential communities into blighted ghettos." Far from being exclusionary, the Ramapo system seeks, through sequential development and timed growth, "to provide a balanced cohesive community dedicated to the efficient use of land." The lawyer who drafted the Ramapo ordinance, Professor Robert H. Freilich, now of the University of Missouri-Kansas City Law School, has defended it by noting that Ramapo is still growing at a faster rate than the rest of the state. He stresses the extensive planning involved and notes that Ramapo is the first suburban town in New York to voluntarily develop integrated low-rent public housing—over the objection of thousands of citizens, some of them, no doubt, in the ecology wing.

Some of the arguments against the Ramapo decision were made in Judge Breitel's dissent. The requirements in the town ordinance reflect "a parochial stance" and show no regard for the ordinance's "impact on the region or the state, especially if it becomes a valid model" for other towns. With American society at "a critical crossroads," he said, a single community cannot isolate itself for a whole generation. "Ramapo would preserve its nature, delightful as that may be, but the supervening question is whether it alone may decide this or whether it must be decided by the larger community" of the state.

The Ramapo decision will continue to be debated, as will the issue of open land versus open housing.

Robert Cassidy

MR. CASSIDY *is a Washington free-lance writer and a frequent contributor to* The New Republic.

We've Not Heard the End of It

$1000 Income Grant

When, in the middle of his unsuccessful campaign, George McGovern quietly interred his proposal for a "minimum income grant," wise men solemnly nodded at the senator's retreat from mushy-headed economics. Hardly anyone noticed that the electorate had lost an opportunity to reconsider its conventional assumptions about how we distribute our wealth.

The idea that our national product, properly managed and apportioned, could guarantee everyone a tolerable subsistence—and probably a good deal more, is not new, after all. Thirty-four years before George McGovern was born, Edward Bellamy envisioned a society providing security for all, while offering advanced training and special honor to especially able or motivated citizens. To the characters in Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* it was incomprehensible that anyone would hesitate to use his full talents on behalf of the commonweal; it was equally incredible to restrict the opportunity to use those talents, or to ration prosperity on the basis of personal performance. During the Great Depression critics like Charles Beard and John Dewey revived and democratized Bellamy's vision. Appalled by the paradox of want in a nation of empty factories and unharvested fields, they urged comprehensive planning to maximize production *and* consumption. The United States, Stuart Chase said, stood on the threshold of "the age of distribution."

Leaders of diverse popular movements wanted to cross the threshold immediately. Dr. Francis Townsend sought a monthly pension of $200—"not one cent less"—for everyone over 60. Father Charles Coughlin demanded a "just, living, annual wage" so that a man could "maintain and educate his family according to the standards of American decency." Choosing the head of a Bellamy club to direct his EPIC gubernatorial campaign, Upton Sinclair pledged to End Poverty In California by transforming the state into "a giant cooperative."

But the greatest would-be wealth-sharer of them all was Huey Long, whose Share-Our-Wealth Society promoted a family "homestead allowance" equal to one-third of the average family holdings. The allowance would supply five or six thousand dollars worth of "the reasonable comforts of life." In addition, every household would receive an annual stipend between $2000 and $2500. Expecting his pledge to reduce the "swollen fortunes at the top," Long didn't bother to explain how these grants would be financed. Limitless flexibility was the secret of his success. Originally promising a $30 monthly old-age pension, the Kingfish deleted the fixed sum, substituted the adjective "adequate," and quickly attracted erstwhile Townsendites. At the time of Long's assassination in 1935, the Share-Our-Wealth Society claimed 4,600,000 members.

Millions of Americans who climbed out of the deprivation of 1932 to the relative comfort of 1972 abandoned share-our-wealth schemes along the way, usually when they decided that "our wealth" now meant *their* wealth. For attempting to bring a version of the guaranteed income back into the mainstream of political debate, George McGovern deserves more credit than he got.

It is commonplace to say that McGovern's initial proposals were politically vulnerable because the candidate didn't know enough economics or because his figures didn't add up. The thesis will probably gain adherents as we enter the period of post-election recriminations. Even if McGovern's advisors were ill-advised—and no one should confuse Professor James

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Tobin with Upton Sinclair on a cloudy day—that thesis mistakes a rationalization for an explanation. The abuse heaped on the minimum income grant tells us more about current social tensions than about the prevailing level of economic literacy.

Forty years ago the careful arguments of Beard and Dewey stirred some discussion in liberal magazines; the "plans" of Huey Long and Charles Coughlin, which would bring tears to the eyes of any econometrician, attracted mass followings. If the Irish Catholics and southern Baptists who applauded the wild mathematics of Coughlin and Long came to denounce McGovern's "radical" economics, it's not because they read William Graham Sumner during the intervening years. In part at least, their attitude is affected by what Caroline Bird calls the "invisible scar" of the Great Depression. Successful survivors of the 1930s prefer to believe that American society fosters upward mobility, and to condemn this mudsill for not making the most of their opportunities.

Yet the Depression heritage doesn't fully account for the fierce attacks on the minimum income program. Men and women who don't remember the '30s were just as vitriolic as their elders. It is doubtful that young workers who absent themselves from dreary jobs, slow the assembly line, and smoke marijuana on duty are as devoted as President Nixon to the work ethic. Nonetheless, they do fear that the work ethic's stringent demands will be suspended for certain groups—particularly blacks—to their personal disadvantage.

For those who cherish historical ironies, Huey Long's son Russell symbolizes passage from the threshold of an "age of distribution," to the era of "workfare" (if we may borrow Mr. Nixon's term). Huey wanted to assure every family "a home, an automobile, a radio, and the ordinary conveniences"; Russell instructs us to pursue the "welfare cheat just as we go after the tax cheat." It's hard to predict how long the age of workfare will last. Senator McGovern's poor showing makes it unlikely that many politicians will soon champion a minimum income grant. President Nixon firmly denies that his Family Assistance Program is a guaranteed income plan, for the latter would "undermine the incentive to work" and establish "a right without a responsibility." But someday we may rediscover that it's not "radical" to assure every citizen a basic subsistence. Such a program does not answer—indeed, it does not pose—embarrassing questions about who exercises power and who submits to it. Still, we have not heard the last of a social theory propounded by Dewey and Beard 40 years ago, or even of Edward Bellamy, who wrote in 1888 that the individual's right to "maintenance at the nation's table" rested on his humanity.

Leo P. Ribuffo

MR. RIBUFFO *teaches history at Bucknell University.*

The Nixon Watch

Daddy Dick

At two meetings on the morning after the election, with senior members of the White House staff and with the Cabinet, the President said in a firm and fatherly tone that he wasn't about to make a mistake that he thought General Eisenhower made after he was reelected in 1956. Mr. Nixon thought that General Eisenhower failed to convey to the country and to the federal bureaucracy an expectation of change and a sense of movement from the first term into the second term. The President said that he intended to do what Eisenhower had failed to do and do it immediately, although he knew that doing it raised a problem. The problem was how to promise significant change in the second term without suggesting that the first term had not been all it should have been. It was rather like Benjamin Disraeli's problem when he succeeded British Prime Minister William Gladstone in 1874. A biographer had quoted Disraeli as saying that he wanted to give an impression of new vigor and purpose without disparaging the reforms instituted under Gladstone or implying that the new ministers were taking over from so many expired volcanoes. The President's listeners told each other afterward that he didn't mean to equate them with expired volcanoes, but that inference could be read into the allusion and it stung.

Mr. Nixon spoke in the same tone of kindly admonition at both meetings when he got down to serious business. He said at the staff meeting that he knew that some people didn't want to leave the administration and some did. Some wanted to leave the government; some wanted to stay, but in new jobs at the White House or in the departments and agencies; some wanted to stay where they were. He wanted to know from them what they wanted, so that there would be an understanding between him and them of what everybody wanted. In the interest of orderly procedure and early decision, so that everybody would soon know where everybody stood, he wanted to have their written resignations and the resignations of all of the subordinate assistants who worked under them in hand within two days, no later than November 10, along with a written indication of each individual's preferences. He didn't intend to discuss individual preferences and his own wishes and intentions at this time, but everybody should understand that their preferences would be respected and followed to the extent possible. He was serious about reorganizing and reducing the bureaucracy at the White House and throughout the federal government, for greater efficiency and better work by fewer people, but there should be no cause for worry about that. It could and would be accomplished largely by attrition and reassignment. At the Cabinet meeting, he promised

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each department head a private talk about his preferences and prospects. All of them were instructed to deliver their resignations and the resignations of the presidential appointees working under them to the White House by the 10th. They also were told to obtain and hold for action as directed the resignations of the hundreds of non-presidential appointees in key departmental jobs and submit to the White House staff written recommendations for any reorganization of their departments and bureaus that they considered desirable and practicable. It was all very restrained, very gentlemanly and—as some of the participants realized later—very cold.

Second thoughts about the exercise began with the realization that the President really didn't have to say anything he said at the meetings. Presidential appointees, from department heads down, customarily and always submit resignations toward the end of a term. Non-presidential appointees in the "Schedule C" and "non-career executive" jobs that Mr. Nixon was talking about know that they serve at the pleasure of their superiors, the President included, and can be transferred at will or fired on 30 days' notice. White House staff resignations are also customary and automatic, and in any case many of them had been called for and submitted before the election. The several White House assistants who had already indicated their intention to leave the administration at the end of the first term or early in the second term would now be subject to the suspicion that they had been invited out, with possible damage to their reputations and value in the private job market. One of the immediate results was a good deal of confusion in the departments. There are some 600 presidential appointees of the kind Mr. Nixon had in mind, 600 non-career executive appointees, and 1200 "Schedule C" appointees in federal service. Frederick Malek, the President's chief personnel recruiter and hatchet man, had to distribute a confidential memo to the department heads, telling them that the President didn't intend them to demand the resignations of all of the 1800 "Schedule C" and non-career appointees. The department heads were to use their judgment, asking only for resignations from jobs that were deemed to rate presidential notice and possible replacement, and the holders of those jobs were to be assured that relatively few of them would be fired.

So, why did the President do it? He did it for public effect, and he soon got more of the effect than he wanted. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, summarizing the gist of the President's remarks for the media soon after the post-election meetings, did his best to put the emphasis on "restructuring" rather than upon the fate of individuals at the White House and elsewhere. But he and the President, who had told him what to say and why it was to be said, miscalculated on two counts. White House reporters, hungry for meaty news after a thin and dreary presidential reelection campaign, jumped at Ziegler's initial announcement like starved dogs at a beef haunch. The result was some exaggerated speculation that 2000 or more executive firings and a wholesale shakeup of the bureaucracy were in prospect. At the White House and in the departments, the President's remarks as relayed by the officials who heard them had generally been received with patient and rather cynical good humor. The publicity had an unsettling effect, however, raising alarm and confusion where the President wanted comprehension, and causing a good many of his servitors at the White House and elsewhere to reflect that Mr. Nixon is all too capable of sacrificing them, his soft words notwithstanding, to his own desires and interests.

The other miscalculation was that anybody with any sense and sophistication could be long impressed by the trumpeted reorganization and bureaucratic reform. However serious the President may be in his ambition to improve the processes of government and the services delivered by government, and he must be believed when he says he is altogether serious about it, the resort to it to create the impression of significant change and movement that he sought was bound to be recognized for what it is, a confession of extreme programmatic poverty. Bureaucratic restructuring and reorganization, more efficient work from fewer people, "reform" in the sense of diffusing federal responsibility among state and local governments, were familiar and tired Nixon themes by the time the President entered the second year of his first term. Granting that there may be nothing wrong with them except age, there was something pathetic in the spectacle of a President, just granted the first national majority and mandate he had ever won, relying upon them to foster confidence that his second term is going to be exciting and productive.

The President said in an interview that he expects his second term to be exciting and productive "on the domestic front." He gave the interview to Garnett Horner of *The Washington Star News* on the Sunday before the election, with the proviso that it appear after the election. In it are the most revealing words that Richard Nixon has ever spoken. Explaining why his next version of welfare reform is going to put more emphasis upon work requirements than on welfare support, the President said: "The average American is just like a child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. He is going to do something. If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled, and eventually a very weak individual."

Yes, Daddy.

John Osborne

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Absentee Owners of America—I

Colonial New England

With this issue The New Republic *opens a six-part inquiry into absentee ownership of the American economy. Our objective is twofold: to set forth what is already known about the control of major industries and different geographic regions (surprisingly little* is *known), and to raise questions for further exploration. The series is, necessarily, incomplete. There has not been a full-fledged examination of private ownership patterns since the Temporary National Economic Committee disbanded more than 30 years ago. Nor has there been much discussion since New Deal days of building alternatives to our dominant private institution, the giant corporation. Unraveling the relationships between holding companies, "street names" and financial institutions is like peeling an onion. Banks and insurance companies exercise substantial influence on major industries and consequently over the allocation of resources. New technologies are introduced, wealth is produced and distributed, public investments are made, subsidies and tax breaks are handed out, the environment is altered and debased, more often than not in the interest and at the behest of those who own most.*

Consumer advocates have focused attention on the production of shoddy, dangerous and overpriced products. Environmentalists have noted the voracious corporate appetite for land, water, air and other resources. Civil rights and women's groups have stressed inequities in corporate hiring practices. All this has caused the holders of wealth and power to modify their behavior somewhat and to spruce up their images; but the fundamental ownership structure has not been altered. Many areas, particularly the most impoverished ones, are victims of absentee corporate ownership that is not too different from overseas colonialism. Such is the case in northern New England as Geoffrey Faux points out this week, in Appalachia, in many parts of the South, in rural areas generally and in inner cities.

Who are the privileged? How do they distort the economy for their own benefit? By what right do they maintain and exercise their power? How can ownership of the economy be altered so that wealth and power are more publicly accountable and more dispersed? THE EDITORS

by Geoffrey Faux

The westward expansion of American enterprise left upper New England behind. With the exception of the pulp and timber companies who have long dominated the north woods, it was once an economy of small dairy, potato and truck farms with an industrial base of family-owned manufacturing businesses. All this has changed as more and more of the region's economy has been taken over by outsiders.

The out-of-state interest in local business is partly a result of the search for low-wage labor, weak unions (both New Hampshire and Maine have a smaller percentage of their nonfarm work force in unions than do such right-to-work states as Alabama, Arkansas and Tennessee), and, until recently, a tolerance of most state officials toward industrial pollution. But to a greater extent, absentee ownership in northern New England results from the corporate merger boom that has characterized the American economy for more than a decade. The lure of stock gains from the takeover of one corporation by another has sent conglomerators into the hinterlands in search of small, profitable and well-managed companies whose acquisition can send stock values soaring. New England, with its decentralized industrial base of small and medium-sized family-owned firms, was ripe for the taking.

In Vermont, the list of acquired corporations includes machinery firms like Jones and Lamson, taken over by Textron; Bryant Grinder Corporation taken over by Ex-Cell-O; and Fairbanks-Morse, acquired by Colt Industries. In New Hampshire, Gulf and Western bought the Brown Paper Company, and Ingersoll-

GEOFFREY FAUX *is co-director of the Center for Community Economic Development in Cambridge, Mass.*

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Rand bought the Improved Machinery Company of Nashua. Maine acquisitions include the Hathaway Company by the conglomerate Warnaco, the Penobscot Company by Diamond International, the Oxford Paper Company by Ethyl Corporation, Maine Research Corporation by North American Rockwell, and the Portland Copper and Tank Works by E. W. Bliss Company, which in turn was acquired by Gulf and Western. Nineteen out of 22 Vermont plants employing more than 500 workers are now owned by out-of-state corporations. In New Hampshire, 16 of the 20 largest firms are absentee-owned, and in Maine, all six firms employing more than 2000 workers, and 29 of the 41 employing over 500 workers, are absentee owned. Ten years ago only half of the largest firms in Maine were so-owned.

There are rarely any employment benefits from absentee ownership in a small community. Some studies show that the immediate direct effect of a merger on jobs is negative, and there's evidence that outside ownership has a deadening effect upon growth. For example, between 1958 and 1969, firms headquartered in Maine with over 500 employees expanded employment by over 82 percent while firms owned outside the state grew only eight percent. Absentee corporations tend to bank and purchase accounting, engineering and other professional services in the corporate headquarters, rather than in the vicinity of their plants. They also encourage purchasing of supplies and materials from national firms. Absentee corporate personnel have little interest in the community from which they derive their profits, and an absentee firm is quicker to lay off workers at the slightest sign of a downturn than is a local firm whose management feels some responsibility for the community.

The deep-water harbors along the rugged and beautiful Maine coast have a special attraction for another group of corporate profit-hunters—the international oil companies. This coast is the only place on the eastern seaboard with natural harbors that can accommodate the new generation of super-tankers needing 60 to 70 feet of draft. Ashland Oil, Royal Dutch Shell, Occidental Petroleum and Atlantic-Richfield are among the corporations whose agents have been trying to persuade the state that a few oil refineries would produce economic miracles for the people at little or no environmental cost. A recent entrant into the refinery sweepstakes is Metropolitan Oil, a subsidiary of the Pittston Coal Company, the owner of the slag heap dam that burst earlier this year on Buffalo Creek in West Virginia, taking 125 lives.

Last year the Maine Environmental Improvement Commission turned down a bid to build a refinery for Ashland Oil at Searsport—smack in the middle of the vacation playground of David Rockefeller, Douglas Dillon, Thomas Watson of IBM and assorted Cabots, Lodges and DuPonts. As John Coles, editor of the weekly *Maine Times*, tells it, "It was the wrong time and the wrong place." But everyone knows that there will be another, more sophisticated application, not so threatening to the summer homes of America's financial establishment.

As usual, the politicians are singing the praises of oil, although the growing environmental consciousness, plus a concern with his national image, has caused Senator Edmund Muskie to back off a bit. Most of the bally-hoo is aimed at convincing the underemployed and unemployed as well as the small businessman that oil will mean more jobs and a better life. What is ignored is that the fragile coastal wetlands already support a variety of local industries which would be shattered by the intrusion of oil. Harvard researchers concluded that when the impact on fishing and tourism was considered, the net effect of the Ashland refinery would have been to cut local wage income by about one million dollars a year.

Another project along the coast jeopardizing the environment and the economy of the local residents is the construction of a nuclear power plant in Wiscasset, part of a scheme drawn up by private New England power companies and the Atomic Energy Commission to make Maine a "power bank" for the growing energy demands of the Northeast. Seventy-five percent of the first year's power output will be exported. Besides electricity, the plant will generate monopoly profits for its owners and jobs for atomic technicians, of which the local area has very few. But the increase in water temperature resulting from the plant's operations will be a disaster for the local bloodworm industry, which contributed two million dollars to the Maine economy last year.

The greatest threat to the rural life-style of Maine comes from the demand by outsiders for land itself. In the late 19th century, paper and timber companies began buying up large tracts of land in northern and central Maine to assure themselves of a steady supply of pulp for their mills. Today the paper and timber interests own more than half the land area of the state and, through lease arrangements with smaller landholders, control the productive output of much more. The Great Northern Nekoosa Company, headquartered in New York, owns more than two million acres. International Paper, also in New York, owns more than a million. Other large landholders include Scott Paper (Philadelphia), St. Regis Paper (New York), Georgia-Pacific (Portland, Ore.), Diamond International (New York), and Oxford Paper (a subsidiary of Ethyl Corporation, New York).

The lumber and timber companies have dominated the state's political economy for years. The boards of directors of Maine's banks, utilities and insurance companies are sprinkled with directors and officers of paper and timber corporations. Paper and timber company officials sit on government boards and commissions, often in seats specifically set aside for them by

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a considerate legislature. In many towns, company officials no longer even have to participate directly in local politics; selectmen openly acknowledge that they make no major decisions without clearing it with "the company."

Short-changing the state—usually with state cooperation—is an old story with the paper and timber industry. The companies have long been leasing timber rights on state lands for very low rates, in some cases as low as $50 per thousand acres. After the timber is cut, the companies lease the land to sportsmen at many times what they pay the state for cutting rights. The state forest commissioner sees nothing wrong with this and in fact encourages it as consistent with national trends in leasing public land to private interests.

The individual paper and timber companies work together. They lease and manage each other's timberlands and trade entire townships with the ease of children playing Monopoly. And of course they act together politically. One of their objectives has been to prevent the permanent settlement of the timberlands, for settlement would restrict the companies' unhampered control and also raise taxes; timberland owners in unorganized townships pay only three taxes as opposed to nine in organized areas.

A restrictive settlement policy might be expected to result in a shortage of local labor for logging work. It does, but the companies solve that problem by importing French-Canadians with the help of US Immigration and Labor Department officials. Paper company spokesmen are fond of saying that the French-Canadians will work harder and are "naturally" better loggers than Americans, an assertion akin to ex-California Senator George Murphy's remark that Mexican *braceros* are better farm laborers than Americans because they are built closer to the ground.

In order to keep their labor supply docile and the price of pulp cheap, the paper companies try to limit the proportion of pulp wood that comes from their own forests to about 50 percent. The rest is bought from other people's land, and cut and hauled by "independent contractors"—local Maine people who are required to furnish their own equipment and are paid at piecework rates. By forcing the pulp cutters and haulers to act as independent businessmen, the companies push capitalization costs onto their labor force, avoid fringe benefits and minimum wage requirements and duck responsibility for the industrial accidents that plague logging work. When the "contractors" get restless, the companies threaten to import more French-Canadians.

The strategy has worked. The price the companies pay for pulp wood is about the same as it was 20 years ago, despite a 65 percent increase in the cost of living. In 1970 a pulp producer's association made up of cutters and haulers went out on strike. The paper companies crushed the rebellion by invoking the state's antitrust law against the woodsmen!

Until now the average Mainer seems to have tolerated the arrogance of the paper and timber companies and the modest corruption of their political economy on the grounds that there is no alternative. The state has troubles enough without antagonizing the corporations which provide a large share of whatever decent jobs have been generated in the last half century. In many towns semi-skilled jobs at the mill are handed down from father to son. Moreover, the large landowning corporations have in the past allowed local people to hunt and fish and camp on company land, a privilege highly prized in a rural state.

Still, things are changing. In the last five years, spending by tourists, skiers and vacation homeowners has doubled, making recreation the leading industry in the state. Land prices have skyrocketed. Land that sold for $20 an acre in 1962 cannot be had for less than $200 an acre today.

The effect of this on the poor is profound. The increase in taxes, rents and the general cost of living squeezes them mercilessly. Few local people can make a living in a seasonal tourist industry that employs thousands of college students at minimal wages. Whereas rural Maine people previously could supplement their income with a garden, hunting and fishing, digging clams or cutting wood, they are now being priced out of their own communities. Even the land, which was open to everyone, is now being fenced off for the tourists.

Rising property taxes is the primary mechanism for accomplishing the transfer of land from Mainers to developers and outsiders. Farmers sell their land when their small farms, always marginal in Maine's harsh environment, can no longer generate enough income to meet tax payments. More and more frequently, the smell of a fast dollar has brought out the home-grown hustlers who willingly exploit their neighbors to satisfy demand from the cities.

The first wave of developers in Maine were mostly small-fry operators jumping at the chance for a fast buck. They buy a thousand acres, bulldoze a road and some homesites and open shop. Lake Arrowhead Estates near Limerick in the southern part of the state is an example. According to the *Maine Times*, the developer is a Boston firm, Leisure Living, one of whose owners was indicted on tax evasion charges last year and was mentioned by a Mafia stoolpigeon as one of that organization's business partners. Leisure Living got started five years ago after promising local townships that added property taxes from Lake Arrowhead would raise $2 million for a new high school. After selling some 2000 lots on its 2200 acre site, the developer was banned from building more houses (30 are completed) until he can bring them up to federal standards. Lake Arrowhead is not a lake; it is a man-

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made impoundment of water which is released during the winter when the power company opens the dam. The *Maine Times* reports: "The lake described as so remote in the brochures—'still much the same as when the Socokois Indians roamed these shores . . .'—was not only not there when the Indians were, but is currently serving as a summer cesspool for the raw waste of some 900 citizens of Limerick."

The larger landholders are moving more slowly, letting the small operators make the mistakes and take the public's wrath. When the state has had it with the small developers, the paper and timber companies seem confident that their own plans for higher quality (and higher cost) developments will be welcomed. Recently a corporation created by the Hudson Pulp and Paper Company bought Saddleback Mountain for a ski and second home development. Scott Paper has established a subsidiary, Skylark Corporation, to handle its recreation development business. One of its first efforts was to talk the state into bartering away public land on Squaw Mountain for a Scott-sponsored ski complex. Scott also owns some 800,000 acres around beautiful and as yet unspoiled Moosehead Lake.

The latest entrant into the Maine land grab is the International Telephone and Telegraph Company. ITT has recently purchased almost 50,000 acres outside of Eustis in west central Maine, has an option on about 30,000 more, and is still buying. ITT has fenced its land and posted guards at the gate and refused to give any clue to its future plans.

The average Mainer, Vermonter or New Hampshireman is confused by all this. The hard but stable old life-style is breaking up because of that same spirit of enterprise they thought would somehow keep them safe. The town meeting, built on the localized economy, is crumbling. "Town meetings have become a farce," says one extension agent who has lived in Maine all his life. "People can't cope with these problems. The bankers and real estate people and lawyers come in with their proposals and dominate the meeting. The ordinary person feels too embarrassed and ignorant to say anything."

There is a chance, a small one, that an anti-colonial movement could coalesce around rural working people who are being thrown off their land, French-Canadians ("white niggers" of New England as well as Quebec), environmentalists who see land being raped and water polluted, and younger middle-class migrants who have come north by the thousands to escape urban suffocation. But so far, the things that divide them are stronger than the things that bring them together. And time is running out.

Democratic Power

The Next Congress

by Paul R. Wieck

The voters handed out a second mandate November 7 by returning solid Democratic majorities to both houses of Congress and giving the liberal wing of the party an infusion of new blood. The House has a few more liberal Democrats; the activist Democratic Study Group (DSG) is in a little stronger position; and the aging, procedural conservatives on both sides of the aisle lost ground. Considering the whole House, there was probably a slight shift from conservative to moderate, not enough to produce startling results but enough to keep pressure on the White House. The black caucus will have several more members (up from 13 to 16), still far below the ratio of blacks to the population but inching upward. The number of women, even more disproportionate, went up. There is little to show in the new Congress from the increased youth vote, and the Spanish-speaking community didn't gain.

Of some significance is the announced shift within the Democratic caucus. In the last session, the Democratic Study Group (DSG) found that the 256 Democratic members broke down into three roughly equal factions—Reform, Swing and Anti-Reform. Each commanded about 85 votes. A post-election DSG analysis of the impact of the departure of 42 Democratic members and the arrival of 28 new Democrats shows "a 25-40 vote advantage (or gain) for Reform forces" in the next Congress. The breakdown shows reformers losing nine stalwarts—men like Jacobs of Indiana, Mikva of Illinois, Dow of New York, all victims of redistricting;

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and Abourezk of South Dakota and Hathaway of Maine, both of whom ran for and were elected to the Senate. However, the preliminary count shows the reformers picking up 15 new members—Brown, Burke, Ryan and Stark of California, Jordan and Wilson of Texas, Hempelmann of Washington, Studds and Moakley of Massachusetts, Holtzman of New York, Lehman of Florida, Mezvinsky of Iowa, Owens of Utah, Schroeder of Colorado and Young of Georgia. It represents a net gain of six. The telling factor is the decline in numbers of the Anti-Reform element. By the DSG count, the procedural conservatives lost 27 members, many of them committee barons such as Colmer of Mississippi, Aspinall of Colorado, Garmatz of Maryland, Celler of New York and Miller of California. There are no sure additions to their ranks from among the new members, meaning the Anti-Reform forces lost twice: they absorbed the 14-vote loss to the GOP and paid for the six-vote gain of the reformers. The DSG puts another handful in the Swing column. The Swing Group lost six of its members (such as Anderson of Tennessee, Galifianakis of North Carolina, Pryor of Arkansas) but gained 13. In this category are Andrews and Rose of North Carolina (moderates), Thornton of Arkansas and Jones and McSpadden of Oklahoma. Almost all the new members put in the Swing category are from southern or border states and a few may end up in the Anti-Reform camp as the years go by. The DSG now hopes to break into the leadership circle with an elected Whip from their ranks. A large number of the conservative, newly elected Republicans replace departing Anti-Reform Democrats.

Gains in the Senate are even more obvious. It's difficult to believe, however, that the new Democratic majority representing as it does every segment of the party in varying degrees, will pull itself together and offer national direction to a party that seems healthy enough at a state and local level (consider, for instance, the gains made in state legislative races). First, there's the discouraging leadership problem—Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who philosophically is in step with the majority, but who temperamentally is unable to provide the kind of challenging leadership needed; Carl Albert in the House, a man who consults rather than leads and hasn't pulled the power brokers who control key committees into any responsible working order. The deficiencies are a matter of continual private complaint, but given the clubby atmosphere of both bodies, it's probable nothing will be done.

The second reason for thinking nothing will be done lies in the deadly grip the declining minority of southern Democrats have on key committees and subcommittees, making the party's power structure in both houses increasingly *unrepresentative* of the regional and ideological diversity within the Democratic congressional majority.

To place this in perspective, compare the Congress elected in the 1972 Nixon landslide with that returned by the voters in 1952 when the Eisenhower landslide stripped the Democrats of control of both houses for a brief, two-year period.

In 1952, the voters gave the GOP a 48-47-1 edge in the Senate and a 221-211-1 (three vacancies) edge in the House. Of the 47 Democrats in the Senate, 22 came from the 11 states of the Confederacy. Ninety-eight (plus two vacancies filled later to raise it to 100) of 213 House Democrats came from these same states. Add their friends in both bodies from the five border states and you push the figures to well over half the Democratic membership of the Congress.

In 1952, the GOP hold over the Midwest, the New England states, the Far West, was secure. Rural and small town America had yet to give way to the multitudes who later invaded the suburbs. The GOP had solid control of House delegations all across the North and West—California (19-11), Connecticut (5-1), Illinois (16-8), Indiana (10-1), Iowa (8-0), Maine (3-0), Massachusetts (8-6), New Jersey (9-5), New York (27-15), Pennsylvania (19-11), Utah (2-0), Oregon (4-0), Washington (6-0) and Wisconsin (9-1). The beginnings of change were visible in states like Minnesota (5-4) but the heartland of the GOP was still the farms and small towns north and west of the Mason-Dixon line.

But 1952 was also the year the GOP made its first breakthrough in the "Solid South," electing four new members of the House (three in Virginia, one in North Carolina) to add to the two historically GOP districts in the mountains of eastern Tennessee. Back then, 20 years ago, southern Republicans would have been written off as incredibly presumptuous if they'd suggested they would be electing senators and governors in their lifetime, just as Democrats would have been laughed at had they predicted they would have both Senate seats in states like Indiana, Wisconsin, South Dakota and Iowa.

Compare this with 1972. The 11 southern states gave the Democrats a 74-34 edge in the House and cut the Senate spread to 15-7. It's come by fits and starts, but it represents a steady Democratic decline, a trend seen largely in the replacement of southern Democrats who retire or are beaten in primary contests by deeply conservative Republicans. It means that today the South provides less than one-third of the 244 Democrats in the House and barely one-fourth of the 57 Senate members. Yet, southerners will chair 8 of 17 standing committees of the Senate and 8 of 21 in the House. More important, they have a solid hold on most of the key committees—Agriculture (Talmadge), Appropriations (McClellan), Armed Services (Stennis), Banking (Sparkman), Finance (Long), Foreign Affairs (Fulbright), Judiciary (Eastland) and Government Operations (Ervin because Jackson has chosen to stay with Interior rather than step into McClellan's shoes). In the House, the chairmanships read Agriculture

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(Poage), Appropriations (Mahon), Armed Services (Hébert), Banking and Currency (Patman), Interior (Haley), Science and Astronautics (Teague), Ways and Means (Mills) and Veterans Affairs (Dorn).

For a couple of decades, the Senate southern caucus led expertly by the late Sen. Richard B. Russell (D, Ga.), held that body in line, preventing passage of civil rights legislation or revision of the cloture rule. Russell is gone, the younger southerners (Hollings, Chiles, Bentsen) prefer to play the field and the caucus has been weakened by steady GOP gains. Nevertheless, a handful of old hands still has inordinate power, though the balance in both bodies has shifted decisively to the North and West.

Where are the Democrats in the House coming from these days? Let's look at delegations the GOP owned after the Eisenhower landslide: California (23 Democrats, 20 Republicans), Massachusetts (9-3), New Jersey (8-7), New York (22-17), Pennsylvania (13-12), Washington (7-0) and Wisconsin (5-4)—or split their delegations as in Connecticut (3-3), Iowa (3-3), Maine (1-1) and Oregon (2-2). The Democrats now also get a better break out of Illinois (14-10) and Indiana (7-4). They have both House seats in Utah. These are examples of a steady growth in Democratic congressional strength in areas considered irrevocably Republican 20 years ago; meanwhile the GOP makes inroads in the South. This year, the Republicans picked up the seats of entrenched conservative Democrats who retired (such as Colmer of Mississippi and Abbitt of Virginia) or who were beaten in primaries (McMillan in South Carolina) and benefited by choice redistricting (Anderson in Tennessee and Cabell in Texas). The GOP controls the House delegations from Virginia (7-3) and Tennessee (5-3) and gets a close split in Alabama (3-4) and Mississippi (2-3), plus respectable minorities in South Carolina (2-4) and North Carolina (4-7). It's only the top-heavy Democratic edge in a few states—Texas (20-4), Louisiana (7-1), Georgia (9-1) and Florida (11-5) that preserves the 2-1 Democratic edge in the overall southern delegation and one wonders how long that will last. The old chieftains fade away.

On the same day the Nixon-Agnew slate was making history by sweeping the South and the GOP was making further gains there (new House seats in Virginia, Tennessee, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas and Senate seats in Virginia and North Carolina), something else was happening. The South sent its first two black members to Congress since the turn of the century—Andrew Young from Atlanta and Barbara Jordan from Houston. They join a small but growing group of urban-based liberals from the region—Eckhardt of Texas, Fulton of Nashville, Gibbons of Tampa, Pepper of Miami Beach. In the next 20 years, this bloc could easily expand to a full third of the southern delegations, while the GOP continues to make inroads elsewhere in the South.

There's another factor to be mentioned. The newly elected Democrats outside the major urban centers are as often moderate-to-liberal as not—Charles Rose and Ike Andrews in North Carolina (where Richardson Preyer already has the Greensboro seat), William Lehman from Florida, Charles Wilson from East Texas (to replace Dowdy). They are drawing on a moderate or populist strain that, combined with the slow but steady growth of urban liberals, could fashion a new kind of Democratic representation from the South over the years. It probably means there is a future for Democrats in the South, but not one personified by the men who have their hand on the levers of power in Congress.

A few years ago, many people said "the cities" are the major source of Democratic strength. But the inner cities are losing population; far less than one-third of the population lives there while the burgeoning suburbs now house the largest third of the population (in not too many years, they will probably be the home of half the population). No one needs to be told the cities are in trouble. But we need to be reminded of one of the consequences: Even the most inspired leadership is chewed up and spit out by tormented inhabitants. A further result is the rise of men like Mayor Rizzo of Philadelphia. For the time being, the Democrats will have to help the cities, not depend on them for leadership.

State government offers some possibilities for Democrats. In Ohio, Governor Gilligan spent his first year fighting for tax reform and managed to get half a loaf. A lot of people still rejected that but a referendum to repeal his tax reform proposal lost by a 5-2 margin November 7. The Democrats won a clear majority in the lower house of the legislature and came within a seat or so of winning the state senate. For Ohio, that's a change. The two big states—New York and California—as well as Massachusetts, Michigan and New Jersey are still in GOP hands. If the Democrats are to build a strong state base, they will have to wait for 1974.

This leaves the party's faction-ridden National Committee which meets December 9 to decide the future of the embattled lady from Utah, Jean Westwood. Her prospects don't look too good. Key party officials from her own state have publicly declined to come to her support. Within the so-called "new politics" circles, her support is limited. It boils down to this: Will the antiwar liberals who are committed to keeping the essential elements of reform, be able to hold their ground with a compromise candidate, or will the "old guard" claim power in the wake of McGovern's disastrous defeat? If the latter, scratch off the National Committee as a source of innovative leadership.

This brings us back to the Congress, to that handful of old men in high places. Suddenly, the seniority system becomes a luxury the Democratic Party can't afford, for what lies ahead is a major reshuffle of coalitions within the country.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Butley
(Morosco)

Wedding Band
(Newman)

Lincoln Center Log

Sixteen quaint, moss-covered years ago Britain gave us the Angry Young Man, who was replaced before long by the Bilious Middle-Aged Man. Now Simon Gray, one of the several heirs of John Osborne, has found a new wrinkle: the Angry Young Man curdled into the Sardonic Early-Middle-Aged Homosexual. The hero of his play, Ben Butley, is a lecturer at London University, teaches English literature, speaks with deliberate literary flourish, and lives by the canons of the '60s plays he has apparently seen, carrying them one convolution further.

All plays depend on mutual assumptions between audience and stage, even if they are only theatrical conventions. (Ketchup means blood, etc.) *Butley*'s assumptions are more ingrown and demanding: life is hollow, the future is empty, culture is a husk. Now all of these propositions are defensible; but either an author has to "prove" them—that is, have his characters realize them in ways that convince us—or else assume them, if he must, in a tone and with characters that make us want to agree at least for the duration of the evening. For Butley, all those propositions are simply planks of a stage on which he performs for his own slightly smug amusement. And even *that* could be a good play—a parched old-young intellectual cavorting histrionically about *nada* without even much conviction about *nada*. But Gray's writing is too two-dimensional to persuade us that his hero is "conscious"; the play seems not oblique but "intended." And, as such, it gets thinner as it goes.

The basic engineering fault is that Gray has put all his stress on the intrinsics of a character who is insufficiently interesting—with no stress on story or drama. The two principal incidents are not really dramatic, they are just additional data. (His estranged wife tells Butley she wants to marry a man he despises. His male lover leaves him for another man he dislikes.) The play moves laterally only; it enlarges what it was at the beginning, not much more. Butley is a bit worse off at the end, but in no substantial way has he changed.

There are entertainments on route. Gray has verbal dexterity and some wit. ("My wife said that if I were half a man, I'd leave. On discovering that *she* was, *she* left.") And he has an appropriately cruel time with Eng. Lit. pedantry, the kind of mind that kills literature in order to dissect it. But some of the script is merely facetious. First, there is some embarrassing stuff with lamps that don't work. Second, Gray uses repeatedly the lamest of verbal comic devices—mistaken antecedents. For instance, Butley frequently pretends that a friend's remark applies to B, just mentioned, when it really applies to A, mentioned a moment before. But even the best of Gray cannot redeem a play that reclines comfily on an inflated spiritual vogue. He wraps himself in anomie the way English playwrights a century ago used the Union Jack.

I saw *Butley* a year ago in London as well as here recently, with Alan Bates both times. The set, a grim cinderblock office, seems much the same here. The Broadway direction, by James Hammerstein, is modeled closely on what I remember of the original production by Harold Pinter. (Hammerstein has directed an earlier play by Gray *and* two by Pinter!) Most of the director's work must have concentrated on speech; the timing and the inflections are generally neat.

Hayward Morse, as Butley's office and bed mate, the second principal role, is a bit pallid. But the casting has all been done around Alan Bates, in order to show him at advantage, a wise move since he is on stage throughout.

To me, Bates is still a second-rank actor Making Good. He is intelligent, forceful, controlled and witty. He has the ability to make Butley's eye-to-eye insolence seem merely a facet of English behavior (which it often is) rather than offense. For some reason, Bates plays a good deal in the upper range of his voice and, in the louder moments, emits somewhat unpleasant sounds. On the whole, though, he has the part well in hand.

Still, one has only to imagine Albert Finney or Richard Burton in it to see what Bates lacks. Personality is a catch-all word; to be more specific for Butley, what Bates lacks is a sense of reserve. I feel that he is showing us absolutely everything he has, straining at every lackadaisical nerve. There is no sense of a source as yet untapped, of depths from which the self-disgust and sensual enjoyment of futility might have sprung. Bates lays it all out, and it's often enjoyable. Finney or Burton could have "collaborated" with Gray, as first-class actors can, to supply some of what the playwright omitted.

Ruby Dee is a first-class actress. She proves it again, against some odds, in *Wedding Band* by Alice Childress. The

(continued on page 36)

Films Worth Seeing

Chloe in the Afternoon. Eric Rohmer's sixth Moral Tale concludes his series of gentle, esthetic insistences that there is more to love and sex than modernist reductions.

The Emigrants. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullman in a well-made narrative of Swedes leaving Sweden for the US in 1844.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a superb cast in a messy but well-written satire about a religious maniac who succeeds to an earldom.

La Salamandre. A funny, grave, important film. Two TV documentary writers want to write a script about a workingclass girl, but her reality is too much for them. Swiss, believe it or not.

The Sorrow and the Pity. Four and a half fine hours of documentary about wartime France and some survivors.

Two English Girls. Truffaut's weakish best since *Jules and Jim* (and from the same author). A charming director has gone into the Charm Business.

Young Winston. Early Churchill adventures make a passable adventure film that goes up to the first cigar. Simon Ward particularly good.

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Victor Alper on art

The Synagogue: An Architectural View

An exhibition of unusual interest, "Synagogues from Damascus to Newport," recently attracted large crowds to New York's Metropolitan Museum. On display were models of eight historic synagogues dating from the third to the 19th century—part of a larger grouping that will form a central portion of the Judaica collection of Yeshiva University's museum, projected to open in late 1973. Each model is painstakingly constructed; the meticulous craftsmanship of miniature furniture and interior accessories is extraordinary.

The Biblical injunction against graven images, although restricting the development of a Jewish secular art, did not prevent the enhancement of synagogues and ceremonial objects. The diversity of architectural styles seen in this show indicates that synagogue design has always reflected the influence of the surrounding culture. These buildings were not only places of worship housing the Scrolls of the Law, but were intellectual and social centers of Jewish life.

The Tablets of the Law, those tablets the Old Testament tells us were received by Moses on Sinai, were enclosed in the Ark of the Covenant housed in a portable tabernacle which was carried through the wilderness into the Promised Land. In the 10th century BC, the ark was placed in the Holy of Holies in Solomon's Temple, which most scholars believed consisted of a courtyard, a vestibule, a main sanctuary and an inner holy chamber with two giant gilded "cherubim" guarding the ark. During the Babylonian Captivity (586-538 BC), exiled Judeans, forced to develop a substitute for the Temple cultic practices, began to pray together at the house of a prophet or leader, thus the origin of the synagogue (Greek for "assembly"). It had no sacrificial or sacramental rituals and did not require the intermediacy of a special priesthood. By the time of the Roman destruction of the Second Temple (AD 70) and the dispersion of the Jews, the synagogue had become an important and well-established institution.

The earliest synagogue to have been represented in the Metropolitan exhibition—built in AD 245 at Dura-Europos, Syria—is a two chamber structure in Greco-Roman style. The interior walls of the main chamber, used as the prayer room, are covered with fresco paintings in four horizontal rows, and the beamed ceiling decorated with tiles. Influenced by classical and Persian art, the frescoes (now in the Museum of Damascus) portray Biblical subjects. The worshipers did not object to the paintings, since they saw in them not idolatrous representation, but the glorification of their heroic past.

Another striking feature of this Syrian synagogue is a wall recess which served as a repository for the ark. In earlier times, the ark—a small, wooden chest containing the Torah Scrolls (the Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses)—was brought into the building only during services, but by the third century it had a fixed place in the center of the Jerusalem-oriented wall.

In the sixth-century synagogue of Beth Alpha, Israel, built in the form of a basilica, a long nave terminates in a semicircular niche, or apse, for the ark; interior walls rest on colonnades; and a separate gallery for women—who were not permitted to sit with the men (and are not today in orthodox synagogues)—is constructed above the side aisles. (In ancient synagogues, very few women came to worship; those who did remained in the same room with the men.) While the floors of the courtyard and vestibule of Beth Alpha are simply decorated, the floor mosaic of the nave is elaborate. Divided into three panels, it shows images of the ark and ritual objects, the 12 signs of the zodiac and scenes of the sacrifice of Isaac. In the border are two inscriptions, one in Greek recording the names of the two artisans who executed the work, the other in Aramaic indicating the date of completion.

Synagogue architecture of the 13th and 14th centuries was represented by the Sephardic synagogue of Toledo, Spain, and the Ashkenazic Altneuschul of Prague, Czechoslovakia. The Jews of that day, who were treated well by the Moslems and enjoyed great prosperity, built impressive synagogues throughout Spain. One of these named Santa Maria la Blanca (it was converted into a church in the 16th century) merges Islamic and Romanesque styles into a remarkably coherent order. The hall is divided by four rows of Moorish horseshoe-arched arcades with intricately carved capitals; the clerestory-like upper section of the walls is also a characteristic of contemporary Christian churches. A stucco frieze and decorative spandrels (space between the arches) add delicate ornamentation to an otherwise massive structure—a scale which heightens the sense of sanctity and mystery.

The main hall of the steep-roofed Altneuschul is a rectangular, double-naved chamber with two central columns supporting Gothic vaults. Between these piers stands the bimah, the platform and lectern for the reader. A wrought-iron enclosure with ogee (S-shaped) arches was added to it in the 15th century. A curious feature of this Prague synagogue is its five-ribbed vaulting; the usual sixth rib was omitted to avoid forming a "cross." A cut-away in the model permitted spectators to study the interior—handsomely carved wooden seats, a large seven-branched candelabrum near the ark and several gleaming chandeliers.

In the 16th century, Rabbi Isaac ben Solomon Luria, a recluse and visionary, founded an important Cabalistic movement at Safed, in Israel's Upper Galilee. The "Ari" Synagogue was built above a "cave" identified as Luria's study. Its massive stone exterior walls were reinforced by buttresses, which give it the appearance of a Crusaders' castle. The rosettes of the barrel vaults are one of the few ornamental motifs of the simple interior. Austerity undoubtedly appealed to the Lurianic mystics.

During the 17th and 18th centuries, the meeting-house used by the Huguenots and the Dutch sectarians was adopted by architects for many synagogues throughout Western Europe and America. A splendid example of this style is the Touro Synagogue—the oldest in the United States—built in 1763 in Newport, Rhode Island. Designed by Peter Harrison, architect of Boston's King's Chapel, the red brick edifice with Ionic porch has a neo-classical angularity and clean line. The interior incorporates typical Sephardic features, with some pews set lengthwise along the two side walls and a free-standing central bimah. The arrangement resembles a modern semi-arena theater.

The last model was of the Düsseldorf

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Synagogue, one of the finest from the Napoleonic era with its central bimah and a gallery supported on Tuscan doric columns. Extensive annexes were constructed to accommodate hevra (association) and guild meetings, boys' choirs and the growing number of women congregants. The synagogue, which was entered through a pedimented porch off a semicircular rusticated court enclosure, was shielded from the street by a residential building with apartments for the rabbi and cantor, classrooms and a small chapel.

From the research of Abraham Duker, Rachel Wischnitzer and Dalia Tawil of Yeshiva University, Displaycraft, Inc. constructed the synagogue models, and Karl Katz of the Metropolitan Museum organized the exhibition.

Crawford Woods on TV

Tube Tap One

On the evening of October 20, I watched, all the way through, an NBC special called "The Fabulous Country," which was panned in these pages two weeks ago by yet another reviewer (Douglas J. Stewart, November 11) who occasionally turns his set on. Yes, it was bad but I would like to mention some extraordinary old photos of frontier vengeance that appeared in it, such as a body swaying in the background while the faces of the crowd all turned to watch the birdie. "Sometimes the taking of the picture," narrator Walter Brennan drawled, "drew attention from the taking of the life."

Even out of context it was an extraordinary perception, for it did double duty as social history and a sharp involuntary comment on TV news. All those 1850 faces, hoping to see themselves in the record of the event they had come to witness and then instead turned into, were reminiscent of more recent scenes in the scramble for footage—revolutionaries stopping their strife to wave at the camera.

It was one of three moments in the program worth watching. The other two were odd little notes to history perhaps as unfamiliar to some viewers as they were to me. One: Ben Franklin wore a coonskin cap when he was ambassador to France to pass himself off as a backwoods rustic he was far from being. Two: Wagner wrote the march for the Philadelphia centennial fair in 1876.

A few days after "The Fabulous Country" Norman Mailer turned up on a talk show. Since all his tube shots now and to come are destined to be judged against his notorious showdown with Gore Vidal on Dick Cavett last year, this was no casual occasion. He had a new host (Johnny Carson), a new topic (his conventions book), and a new look: tranquil, measured, reserved. Now I'm part of the minority that thought Mailer came off well with Cavett and Vidal; a lion chewed by jackals, he kept a thread of dignity that made the studio audience who applauded his downfall no better than the faceless mob that kicks a corpse someone else has slaughtered. I have to admit that Carson served his guest well at first, sparing him the usual barrage of cute distractions. It was at the end of the interview that trouble set in. Mailer was asked about the candidates, and said, "Nixon is our godfather . . . and there are worse things than the Mafia in American life." That was a bit much for heeeeeeeere's Johnny. He propped up a quizzical eyebrow, and the tinkle of a cocktail lounge piano began to pour over the writer's words. Censorship by Muzak—the first I've ever seen. Fade to a commercial.

Watching an episode of "Banyon," I grew irritable waiting for a commercial to save me. This is a "new" detective drama for which NBC must take the blame. It's gotten no good reviews that I know of, but daily critics have been tepid in their damnation, praising it at least for a low violence level and the Cagney qualities of its hero. It's true the hour I watched spewed more words than bullets, but they did considerable violence to the taste of the audience. Some quotes: "I know you're here. Come on out." "Last night you made me come alive again." "Give him to me, captain, I can make him talk." Which was regrettably true. Nobody on "Banyon" ever shuts up, and some scriptwriter is getting good money for the same dialogue that would get his kid a D– in English. But the drivel is not the worst to be argued against this show, which paddles weakly against the screen like a waterdog with terminal cramp. It is, as usual, two years too late. *Time* invented the New Nostalgia in 1970 for Ali McGraw so she'd never have to say she was sorry, but that tortured top has spun to a halt long since; and a series designed to take us back to the gay '30s when blood was catsup looks funny this year. Funny strange, not funny ha-ha. Banyon looks less like Cagney than Ted Heath but whoever played him would have to be just another jut-jawed talent-void. Supporting parts ditto—this show is a rehearsal. The music tries to be big-city skyscraper "jazz" but the electric bass of James Bond and the walking bass of Peter Gunn keep creeping in. The plot is bare of those rococo convolutions that made the great originals of this genre a delight. Too, the thing can't decide whether it's imitating '30s films or '40s radio. Banyon is burdened with connective voice-overs that strive to sound like the latter ("She was whisking along the halls of my memory"), and period costuming that resembles the former, but he and his writers are hopelessly lost. Their labored "realism" is misguided anyway; what made the Bogart and Cagney gangster films so fine was artifice, not reportage; *The Maltese Falcon* is a dream we view in a trance. "Banyon" is a '70s xerox of '50s TV: a copy of a copy of a copy of a copy. Forget it.

In light of this offering, I approached the same network's "Hec Ramsey" with a suspicion amounting to alarm. This is another newcomer, and a quarter-slice of the NBC Mystery Movie or whatever they call it. Thus it appears only once a month, which gives its makers a lot more breathing space than the producers of a weekly program have. The night I watched, the show surprised and pleased me by being considerably better than just bearable. For one thing, it was one of the most resonantly macabre 90 minutes of television since the shooting of Lee Oswald; and for another the dialogue was the opposite of "Banyon's"—venomous, quick and dry-ice dry.

The show's salvation, of course, is Richard Boone in the title role. If he's a bit less perfect than he was as Paladin in "Have Gun Will Travel," he's also a lot less plastic. His gimmick (the word is descriptive, not pejorative) is temporal, not technical: as an old gunslinger turned deputy's badge at the switch of the century, he's both before and behind his time, an effective amateur of modern methods of crime detection. Thus, with "Hec Ramsey," the TV west-

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ern enters its high baroque.

The story I saw revolved around the introduction of an electric chair for a cowtown execution; in an opening scene, the thing is tested by frying some sausage in the seat while the killer grimly watches the cookout from his jailhouse window. The town is crawling with reporters looking for an exclusive interview while a friend of the condemned man picks off the townspeople one a day (like the multiple vitamins of the same name) to coerce the bad guy's release. Agreeably grotesque extras wander the screen, mendicant preachers, barflies, whiskey dealers and passed-out whiskey-dealts. I'm not too clear on the plot because I was cooking some sausage myself at the time, but the ending was a corker.

Understand, "Hec Ramsey" is not the overture to a new golden age of tube, but it's a spiteful, funny send-up of the TV western, and should be worth watching for.

Meanwhile, despite a change of command, public TV moves along as brightly as usual, at least in the "cultural" sphere. I've recently seen a good production of Anouilh's *Antigone* with Genevieve Bujold as the lady and Fritz Weaver superb as a harried Creon; Kurosawa's magical *Throne of Blood*, intact and undubbed; and a wretchedly over-acted performance of Odets' *Awake and Sing*, in which Walter Matthau was notably awful.

In progress is a series worth joining even in the middle if you're not onto it already, PBS' rerun of the BBC's "Cousin Bette." These video versions of literary classics are a BBC staple. The corporation grinds out great handfuls of them each season, blithely undaunted by the chore of translating the literature of ideas into electric closet drama. They succeed so often that folks in England

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

VICTOR ALPER *teaches English at New York University.* CRAWFORD WOODS, *former TV critic for* The Washington Post, *is currently free-lancing from El Prado, NM.* ROBERT BOYERS *teaches at Skidmore and edits the quarterly* Salmagundi. STANLEY WEINTRAUB *is a research professor and director of the Institute for the Arts and Humanistic Studies at the Pennsylvania State University and is the author of* Journey to Heartbreak *(McKay). Poet* ANDREW OERKE *has recently completed tours in Malawi and Jamaica with the Peace Corps.*

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hardly even notice anymore, but we are as yet unspoiled. "Cousin Bette" is one of the best ever, instinct with tension and beautifully acted.

This is a kind of television that mostly ignores the medium, in the sense that it uses videotape to give us a stage play seen through binoculars from the balcony. But my complaint at present has little bite: think what small use television which doesn't ignore the medium now makes of it.

A Glass of Dago Red

Half Bitter, Half Sweet

by Alexander DeConde

(Scribners; $12.50)

The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics

by Michael Novak

(Macmillan; $7.95)

They faced restrictive housing covenants in Milwaukee, lynchings in Louisiana and a Mississippi gubernatorial candidate who called them "a threat and a danger to our racial, industrial and commercial supremacy." No, it is not another book about black Americans: it is Alexander DeConde's *Half Bitter, Half Sweet: An Excursion into Italian-American History*.

A professor of American diplomatic history at the University of California at Santa Barbara, DeConde has written an outstanding account of the bittersweet relationship of Italian immigrants, their offspring and the United States. Although one Italian, Cristoforo Colombo, discovered this country and another, Amerigo Vespucci, named it, "neither Italians as a people nor Italy as a country had a significant place in the early history of the United States," DeConde notes. Only 14,000 Italians came to America between 1820 and 1860, mostly from central and northern Italy. For most of the 19th century, Americans had little personal contact with Italians. Likewise, the two countries had little diplomatic or economic contact.

There were a few Americans, however, who were deeply concerned about—and in some cases, involved in—the *Risorgimento* (revival) to free Italy from foreign control and unify her. Their interest was complemented by Italian patriots who saw in America's earlier struggle for independence a parallel to their own (the Reign of Terror and other excesses of the French Revolution having made that less a model to be emulated). On the eve of the American Civil War while Italy was completing her *Risorgimento*, the "George Washington" of that movement, Giuseppe Mazzini, said to Theodore Weld, an American anti-slavery leader: "We are fighting the same sacred battle for freedom and the emancipation of the oppressed: you, sir, against *Negro*, we against *white* slavery."

By the end of the 1870s, Italians from the southern provinces had begun emigrating to the United States, 100,000 a year by 1900. This human flood was the result of the collapse of the economy of southern Italy. In the late 1880s, the US increased its production of citrus fruit in Florida and California and therefore needed fewer Italian oranges and lemons. At the same time plant lice destroyed many Italian vineyards, and France raised her tariffs against Italian wine. The combination was a calamity for the *contadini* of Abruzzi, Apulia, Basilicata, Calabria and Sicily. These poor agricultural workers from the southern provinces left for America as fast as they could raise or borrow the money.

At the turn of the century there were almost a half million Italians in the United States, mostly in the little Sicilies or little Calabrias of northern cities. Those who settled in California were treated much better than their *paesani* in the East who experienced discrimination of the worst sort at the hands of "restrictionists," largely from New England, and their organizations such as the American Protective Association in Boston. Anti-foreign sentiment was given an air of respectability by the intellectual and political elite of the day. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts sponsored a bill to require literacy tests of immigrants and made clear his purpose: "The illiteracy test will bear most heavily upon the Italians, Russians [mostly Jews], Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, and Asiatics, and very lightly, or not at all, upon English-speaking emigrants or Germans, Scandinavians, and French." Congress passed the Literacy Test Act in 1897, but President Grover Cleveland vetoed it, saying "the time is quite within recent memory when the same thing was said of immigrants who, with their descendants . . . [are] now numbered among our best citizens." Cleveland may have helped restrain nativist racism, but he could not stop it. So ingrained were notions of Anglo-Saxon superiority, that no less a scholar than Woodrow Wilson, in his five-volume *History of the American People* (1902), wrote that Italian immigrants were products of the "lowest class from the south of Italy" and that they lacked skill, energy, initiative and intelligence. Wilson branded them with what was then considered the penultimate epithet: "The Chinese were more to be desired."

Nativist forces such as the Ku Klux Klan were in their ascendancy after World War I and stoked fears of foreigners, anarchists and communists. So in 1920 when two Italian anarchists, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, were accused of murdering a paymaster in South Braintree, Massachusetts, their case became a *cause célèbre*. Found guilty, motion after motion for a new trial was denied, though there was considerable evidence of unfairness. (In 1924 after a motion for a new trial was denied, the judge was alleged to have remarked to a Dartmouth professor: "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards the other day? I guess that will hold them for a while.") In 1927 their last chance for a new trial evaporated when a committee headed by A. Lawrence Lowell, the president of Harvard University, concluded that there had been no prejudice or unfairness in their case. Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted.

The seven-year ordeal of Sacco and Vanzetti worked to the benefit of the

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restrictionists. In 1921 President Harding signed the Emergency Quota Law which drastically restricted immigration from southern and eastern Europe. Three years later an even more restrictive Immigration Act established a system based on "national origins quotas" which would endure until 1965. A Rome newspaper editorial denounced the bill as "unjust, one-sided and advantageous to Anglo-Saxon, German, and Scandinavian immigrants to the injury of the Slavs and Italians as well as to the yellow and black races." (Note, if you will, the sensitivity here to all racism, and recall Mazzini's comment about slavery in 1861.) President Coolidge signed the bill despite protests of Italian-Americans and other minorities. The effect on Italian immigration was dramatic: from almost 200,000 immigrants in 1921 just before the first quotas went into effect, only 3800 Italians were permitted to enter the United States in 1927. President Hoover raised the quota to 5600 in 1929, and there it stayed for 36 years.

DeConde skillfully lets events speak for themselves; the only lapse in his dispassionate narrative occurs when he talks about the Mafia and its alleged effect of tainting all Italian-Americans. Although (like the reviewer) the descendant of Italian immigrants, DeConde is hardly a "professional Italian." He modestly calls his book an "excursion" into Italian-American history, but when one considers that there may be as many as 20 million Americans of Italian stock and that this is the first solid volume on their history, it is an excursion that has been long overdue.

Going from DeConde's book to Michael Novak's *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics* is a leap from history to polemics. Novak, a professor of philosophy and religious studies at the State University of New York, Old Westbury, shows little scholarly cool. Castigating Protestants in general and their caricatures of ethnics, he manages a few caricatures of his own. He tells us about the ruthlessness of the Irish who "give much devout respect to the church and then do in politics what they must; their political impulse is tougher and harsher than anything they hear in church." He churns out two more stereotypes as dated as vaudeville: "Jews and Italians, we know, are highly dramatic people. . . . For the Italian, pain, like everything else, is communal; he is happy when people are around, because 'life is with people.' . . . Jews will know symptoms, diseases, drugs, and remedies [chicken soup?] with a precision and detail unmatched by other ethnic groups. Pain is the drama of the self in history, and the Jew loves to enliven it." Then he scoops all ethnics into one large bag and pronounces: "The Irish are pagans like the Slavs, the Italians, the Greeks, but pagans who have allowed their church to make Christianity an agent of order and cleanliness, rather than an agent of mystery. . . ." (Well, at least we know they bathe.)

Novak misses few clichés in his early chapters, and he has done little original research. And yet, his book merits serious, however skeptical, attention.

Like black writers searching for their own identity in the Negro experience, Novak is at his best when he turns inward:

> Each year for five years Grandma had a child of her own. She was among the lucky; only one died. When she was twenty-two and the mother of seven [three children were from her husband's first marriage], her husband died. "Grandma Novak," as I came to know her many years later, resumed the work she had begun in Slovakia at the town home of a man known to my father only as "the Professor"; she housecleaned and she laundered.
>
> I heard this story only weeks ago. Strange that I had not asked insistently before. Odd that I should have such shallow knowledge of my roots. Amazing to me that I do not know what my family suffered, endured, learned, and hoped these last six or seven generations. It is as if there were no project in which we all have been involved, as if history in some way began with my father and with me.
>
> The estrangement I have come to feel derives not only from lack of family history. Early in life, I was made to feel a slight uneasiness when I said my name. . . . Under challenge in grammar school concerning my nationality, I had been instructed by my father to announce proudly: "American." When my family moved from the Slovak ghetto of Johnstown to the WASP suburb on the hill, my mother impressed upon us how well we must be dressed, and show good manners, and behave—people think of us as "different" and we

The Myth of the Middle Class

Notes on Affluence and Equality

Richard Parker

Foreword by **G. William Domhoff**

A brilliant refutation of the widely held belief that America is a middle class society—moneyed, leisured, comfortable. Parker shows, in a dazzling array of arguments, how the distribution of power and wealth has divided the nation. "I like Richard Parker's book very much . . . . The facts it cites are disturbing, but they are true and need very much to be called to the attention of the public."—Robert L. Heilbroner $7.95

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mustn't give them any cause.

What child without an "American" name or complexion has not felt himself an outsider? But such feelings cannot be imposed on a person sure of himself and proud of his heritage: they must be self-imposed. Children do not live in the past or even the future, they are creatures of the present. Schools teach them there is no history but American history, no language but English. Parents are scorned when they speak the mother tongue and are made to feel ashamed of their command of English. As they grow older, their "education" makes their parents their intellectual inferiors; and of course their table manners are atrocious. Even though the child may be but one generation removed from Ellis Island, he becomes a monomaniacal American, a compulsive imitator of WASP styles and an illiterate of the history of his own forebears.

For the first 40 years of this century, Protestant America was less than hospitable to newcomers from southern and eastern Europe, but the determination to become Americans strengthened in adversity. When there were wars to be fought, immigrants and their sons often did more than their share. The Poles, Novak points out, "were only four percent of the population (in 1917-19) [but] they accounted for twelve percent of the nation's casualties in World War I. 'The Fighting Irish' won their epithet by dying in droves in the Civil War. There is, then, a blood test. 'Die for us and we'll give you a chance.' "

White liberals (Novak's *bêtes noires*) generally assume that, having paid the price, ethnic sons and daughters are now enjoying the blessings of liberty and that primary attention must now be given to blacks, Chicanos and Indians. While ethnics have fared better than these more currently fashionable minorities, ethnics have not risen to WASP levels of education and wealth. "About half of Irish, Polish, and Italian households are in blue-collar work," writes Novak, but "between 1965 and 1970 the real income of workers . . . declined by 3 percent." While admitting that statistics themselves are difficult to assimilate, there is nothing that "suggests that lower-middle-class families are living in an age of affluence," says Novak. "Nothing suggests that they have room for economic relaxation. Nothing suggests that they have much freedom, or flexibility, or mobility. The overwhelming picture is one of constricted possibility; of frustration; and of humiliating, grubby concern about dollars." It is a lot shared by many black families.

The common experience of blacks and ethnics also includes WASP violence. The worst civil disturbance in our history, the New York draft riots of 1863, claimed 1500 to 2000 lives, mostly Irish-Americans. Company-hired goons killed or maimed scores of workers, many of them immigrants or their children, during the rise of the labor movement. A more recent example of violence against a minority group prompts Novak to observe:

> The extent to which upper-class WASP convictions rest upon high authority, distance, and direct application of force runs so contrary to the stated ideology of the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Gettysburg Address that the swift dependence of silver-haired establishmentarians on brute force always jangles one's mental images forcibly. Upper-class WASPs picture themselves as defending uniquely Anglo-Saxon liberties and a distinctive egalitarianism. Still, in the eyes of many of them, they are clearly defending order, *their* order, and they believe in beating down challenges swiftly and efficiently. The White House, GOP leaders assembled, and the Republican governors meeting in San Juan speedily came to Governor Rockefeller's defense after he had bloodily crushed the prisoners' rebellion at Attica. He did "what he had to do." They commended his "forcefulness."

Although blacks and ethnics have similar histories of discrimination, they are generally depicted as natural enemies rather than potential allies. While ethnic-black tensions are to be found in every major city, there have also been some encouraging signs of cooperation which are less well known. (Novak, unfortunately, does not report them.) There seems to be at work what I call a "Groppi-Rizzo syndrome." James Groppi, an Italian-American priest, was a civil rights leader in Milwaukee during much of the 1960s and was honored by the NAACP in 1968 for his "steadfast commitment to the doctrine of equality for all mankind." Frank Rizzo, also an Italian-American, is the "tough cop" who rose through the ranks to become chief of police and was last year elected mayor of Philadelphia. Groppi led black protest marches; Rizzo gained notoriety for a photograph showing his police searching blacks who had been stripped of their clothes. His campaign slogan, "Rizzo means business," had none of the gentility of a Southern code word. Which man better symbolizes the feeling of Italian-Americans toward blacks? The facile notion, advanced by the media and WASP "elitists," Novak might say, is that Rizzo's the one. Novak might also argue that he should not be and will not be if blacks and ethnics will realize their common heritage and common exploitation at the hands of a common enemy: the WASP elite and its New Left offspring.

Of course, some blacks and ethnics have become so assimilated that they have become what another writer calls "WASPirants." Novak provides this succinct description of the nation's highest hyphenate:

> Agnew's talent had never been accomplishment, or power, or wealth. It was status: a mirrorlike capacity to show back to people what they wished to see, an uncanny ability to learn roles and gestures and intimations, an actor's talent for absorbing background and atmo-

EXPERIMENT WITHOUT PRECEDENT

Some Quaker Observations on China Today

In May of 1972 eleven representatives of the American Friends Service Committee spent three weeks in China. Their observations on such topics as health, welfare, education, housing, the position of women, the care of the elderly, and Chinese attitudes toward the rest of the world comprise this report.

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sphere. Men looked at Agnew and saw their own attitudes reflected. He was one of the most meltable of ethnics, an easy number to Americanize. His father made the move from Anagnostopoulos to Agnew, and he himself went from Spiro to Ted, from Greek Orthodox to Episcopalian, from struggling young lawyer to builders' protegé, from a Greek neighborhood to suburban Loch Raven, from Democrat to Republican. Paul Sarbanes, the young Greek congressman from Baltimore, is partisan: "Agnew never did anything for the Greek community in Baltimore except leave it at the earliest opportunity."

Most ethnics are more likely to wind up in a blue collar rather than the Blue Room, so Agnew is hardly an appropriate model for those ethnics who live alongside blacks in the city. Novak believes a *modus vivendi* is possible if there is a "new ethnicity":

> A Pole who knows he is a Pole, who is proud to be a Pole, who knows the social costs and possibilities of being a Polish worker in America, who knows where he stands in power, status, and integrity—such a Pole can face a black militant eye-to-eye. A Pole uncertain whether he is American or Polish, WASP or racist, worthy or despicable, feels emotions too confused for compromise, emotions most easily discharged as hate. For generations he blunted, modulated, tamed *his* identity; now a black in Afro and dashiki calls him "Pig!" It hurts too much if he thinks it might be true . . .
>
> As we have seen, ethnic workers have legitimate reasons for economic, social, and cultural anxiety about the black revolution. It is not "racist" to have such anxieties. The ethnic will not say "nigger" and the black will not say "pig," when the two decide that they are not each other's enemy—and when the Left decides that in any humane political strategy both white and black must be helped together. The *enemy* is educated, wealthy, powerful—and sometimes wears liberal, sometimes radical, sometimes conservative, disguise. The enemy is concentrated power. Lower-class ethnics and blacks, who lack that power, are allies.

Novak's hope, then, is for a coalition of ethnics and blacks built on mutual interest, if not mutual trust. This is how he describes his "political dream":

> The rise of black consciousness in the industrial unions is giving impetus to a rise in ethnic consciousness. A coalition based on divergent cultural consciousness and mutual real interests has double the strength of the old union solidarity. An Italian proud of being Italian, a Pole proud of being Polish, and a Black proud of being Black are three times stronger than just three more bodies in a union asking higher wages. Management is forced to discern the distinct accents, style, and needs of each. It is forced to regard them as living participants in distinct cultures, rather than as units.

A black-ethnic coalition is still more a dream than an approaching reality, as the presidential election results demonstrated. Normally Democratic blue-collar workers and ethnics (but not blacks) crossed party lines in apparently unprecedented numbers to vote for a Republican president they surely do not love. Much of this defection must be laid to McGovern's failure to convince urban ethnics on bread and butter issues. Take busing for example. To talk one week about trying to rekindle a sense of community and talk the next about busing as "one tool among many" to promote quality education leaves most ethnics incredulous. How, they wonder, can there be a sense of community if there is no neighborhood school around which to build it? Polls indicate that ethnics believe blacks live under much worse conditions than they, but they also know from life what others know only from statistics: the highest crime rates are generally in inner-city black areas. Although black citizens are also the principal victims of such crime, can anyone reasonably argue that their plight would be eased if white children were bused to school in those areas? If Vietnamization was "immoral" because its chief effect was to make the war more acceptable by changing the color of the bodies from white to yellow, what of the morality of a plan that would inevitably result in changing the color of some of the victims of city crime (many of them children) from black to white? Those who cannot see busing from this point of view lack empathy for the urban ethnic. Of course, those who propose busing and those who would pay its price are of different classes. The evil of segregated schools stems from the evil of segregated housing, neither of which is the fault of the urban black or ethnic. Now that segregated schools have been deemed unconstitutional, the establishment, speaking from its suburban redoubt, tells them to integrate whatever

The Hippo's Head

The hippo's head would not fit on a platter.
Doug and the boys carried it by the ears
to the biology lab where we skinned it.
A mountain of flab and flesh, with a mouth
like a clothes chute, it chased a washer-woman
down the main street; later collapsed like a cliff
at the game warden's bead at the foot of town.

The whole school gathers to watch the scalpel
scrape the plastic mask from skull and jawbone.
The magnitude of tissue shifts the lesson
on life to an engineering feat.
The pupil's eyes dilate, larynxes laugh
as the grotesque labia loosen, the pores
replete with toothbrush bristles, the skin smooth
and rubbery. As we finish a voice scatters
our hypnotized ring of eyes and hands, calls down
from the house, "Hippo steaks are done."

ANDREW OERKE

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the cost. So, when an urban ethnic hears an earnest liberal speak glibly of busing as one tool among many, he knows only too well who is going to get the tool and where.

That the economy has become overly dependent on military spending is nondebatable, but that dependence is certainly no fault of the blue-collar worker. So, when McGovern spoke of cutting $30 billion from the defense budget and failed to pinpoint exactly where those cuts would be made, he unnecessarily threatened the jobs of millions of workers. His vague reassurances that "economic conversion" would continue to keep them employed was discarded as just another politician's promise. (The Eagleton episode did his credibility no good.) Instead of being straightforward and outlining company by company and plant by plant where the ax would fall and how he would provide new employment, he talked about which weapons he would cut.

The working-class ethnic could not be sure of his "bread" under McGovern, so he chose instead the Nixon "circus." And what a circus it has been. It began in 1969 when Nixon did a Rumanian folk dance in the streets of Bucharest, and it never stopped. Here are three other examples: a TV news clip showed just the President and a Chinese-American couple greeting him at the airport in (where else?) San Francisco; Air Force One did not need the fuel, but Nixon stopped in Warsaw on the way back from Moscow (the shortest route to Hamtramck?); on his visit to the Emerald Isle what should turn up but a tombstone with the name "Milhous" on it. My favorite was his helicopter assault on the Festival Italiano in Mitchellville, Maryland; his few minutes there may have won him the Italian vote. He was accompanied, of course, by his Italian Stepin Fetchit, John Volpe (also transportation secretary). On that fall day, TV viewers heard the *paesani* cheer when Nixon said, "Every time I'm at an Italian-American picnic, I think I have some Italian blood." Well, if Paris was worth a mass, surely the White House was worth a glass of Dago red.

Peter J. Ognibene

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Don't Run Down the Sisterhood

The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Women's Liberation

by Midge Decter

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $5.95)

Recent books on women have seemed to dwell on the largely unsatisfactory nature of the feminine experience. Apart from this, what has largely distinguished them is a certain note of dire earnestness only occasionally relieved by passages of macabre and bitter humor. That these books have only marginally reflected the actual experience of women is not something most of us have been willing to insist upon. In the first place, there were any number of intelligent women around to echo the sentiments expressed in books as disparate as those by Betty Friedan, Germaine Greer, even Shulamith Firestone. What is more there had been for quite some time, even among men, a nagging sense of something disturbing in the experience of women. We could not, of course, know precisely what that experience amounted to, but we could imagine its general contours and we knew very well that something important and disquieting had begun to take place.

Midge Decter's new book argues that the women's liberation movement, especially in its more radical aspects, is not a reflection of and response to the actual life experience of women in our society but an ideological movement whose aim is the subversion of human experience and the avoidance of that necessary anguish which lets us know we are responsible adults. More, to the degree that women today feel less happy about themselves and their circumstances than earlier generations of women felt, just so have their expectations been exaggerated even though actual conditions of their lives have improved. What really disturbs women today, according to Decter, is the unprecedented range of options available to them, the previously unknown freedom to shape their lives in accordance with the deepest imperatives of their being. Women, Decter insists, are uncomfortable with the burdens of responsibility imposed by their new-found freedom. As she says, "The truth is that women are for the time being caught in a transition in which they feel themselves too little shaped by society, its demands on them too indefinite, their own demands on themselves (or lack of them) far too operative." Why this is so has less to do with the fact of their womanly nature, though nature does have something to do with the problem, than with the lavish expectations generated by a culture for which freedom has come to mean the absence of limitation, inhibition and meaningful distinction. Decter's is a powerful, if somewhat inflexible position.

The New Chastity is in one sense all of a piece, which is to say that it may be described as a patterned series of alternations between personal observation and hopeful generality. Though much of the book may be described as polemical, it is most engaging and persuasive where it is most intimate, particularly in the chapter on sexual relations entitled "The Beast With Two Backs." Decter tells us any number of essential things about ourselves when she is least concerned to address the radical sisterhood directly, when she speaks from the experience of a gifted and sane woman who has thought deeply about her life. That she should have projected her intimate experience as generally the case for all women is perhaps questionable, but one must surely be willing to grant a large measure of validity to her account, no matter how one feels about the universal implications of her basic argument.

At the root of that argument is the contention that men and women are by nature different, not different merely in the various organs with which they are endowed, but in the intensity and quality of the psychic experiences to which they are subject. That differences in sexual desire and enactment should lie behind, indeed actively inform all others, should come as no surprise in a culture oriented as ours has lately been. In Decter's terms, confronted by the spectacle of male lust, the young girl at one time had some way of deciding

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whether or not to yield. Her situation was difficult, to be sure, but manageable, for there were moral terms she might apply to her situation or, more commonly, she might decide whether or not yielding would have the effect of "increasing or impairing her worth in the eyes of future candidates for marriage."

What the sexual revolution has done, however, according to Decter, is to encourage young women to come to terms with their feelings as men have traditionally come to terms with theirs —"this meant that everyone, male and female, was to seek the experience of individuality in the same way." For a contemporary young woman, "Sex became an issue of her private welfare, like her eating habits or her choice of friends." She had, in fact, "been granted an unprecedented amount of power over herself, the power in equally clear conscience to accede to her own wishes. If, that is, she could know what these were." The problem, according to Decter, is that the erotic fantasies of women are "diffuse and narcissistic"— "young girls do not lust in any way that gives proper drive or guidance to action."

And what of men, we may well be tempted to ask. And there is, to be sure, an answer. Decter assures us that the fantasies and lusts of men are by contrast quite specific; men know precisely what they want, and are not apt to be confused or put off by side issues or spiritual considerations. The young woman, on the other hand, inclines "to deal with the alternatives set before her by others. Her 'lust,' insofar as it is proper to use that term, is for an image of herself as erotically aroused." In other words, her capacities are basically passive and reactive, his aggressive and initiatory. In describing human sexual response as fundamentally the same for both sexes, in worrying over the orgasmic potential of women, the radical feminists have thus confused a situation that was always difficult. And by advocating clitoral orgasm, radical feminists can claim to bypass the need for men altogether, to which Decter responds:

> The truth is, of course, that the pursuit of orgasm for a woman is an entirely irrelevant undertaking. Not that she had no "need" of sex; nor is she indifferent to the "quality" of her sexual encounters. But what that need really is, and what the qualities really are which for her become the true determinants of pleasure, cannot be understood by an analogy with these terms in the experience of men. She may, for instance, have an orgasm in an unpleasurable way, or fail to have one in an entirely pleasurable way. Her need for sex is diffuse, not focused on its consummation but on a hundred different small reminders of the nature that is by daily circumstance mostly hidden from her.

Clearly Decter has described a certain kind of female experience, but I do not think there are many women under the age of 40 who would agree with her that "the pursuit of orgasm for a woman is an entirely irrelevant undertaking," even should they agree that a woman may fail to have one "in an entirely pleasurable way." Of course, women can do without orgasm, especially if they have been conditioned to believe it is not theirs to expect, but that is a far cry from Decter's claim that it is irrelevant. And even supposing what Decter says to be true for most women, it is not at all clear what conclusions may legitimately be drawn from such an observation. Grant that for men orgasmic culmination is a requirement of pleasurable sexual activity and that the need for sex in men is more focused on its consummation than for women; still I note that Decter fails to demonstrate that men are thereby more focused in their general life experiences.

I shall stick with this aspect of Decter's volume, if I may. Though it represents her most daring and brilliant thinking, I think it also presumes to a level of philosophic generality that the precise observations themselves do not warrant. Her examination of the specifics of human sexual response is in fact most revealing. For this reason, and because she is so much more reasonable and intelligent than most of her antagonists among the radical feminists, it is necessary that we pay scrupulous attention to the detail of her arguments and to the inferences that she customarily draws from her materials. Take, for example, the following passage:

> The clitoral orgasm is a masturbatory orgasm, produced by one or another means of external manipulation. Like any masturbatory gratification, it allows for, indeed depends upon, the absolute erotic passivity of the one who experiences it. . . . A woman who prefers to confine herself to the attainment

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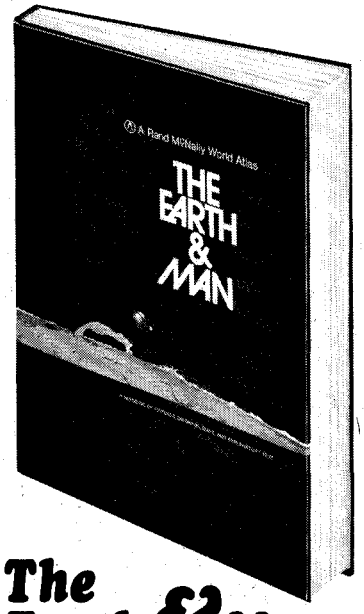

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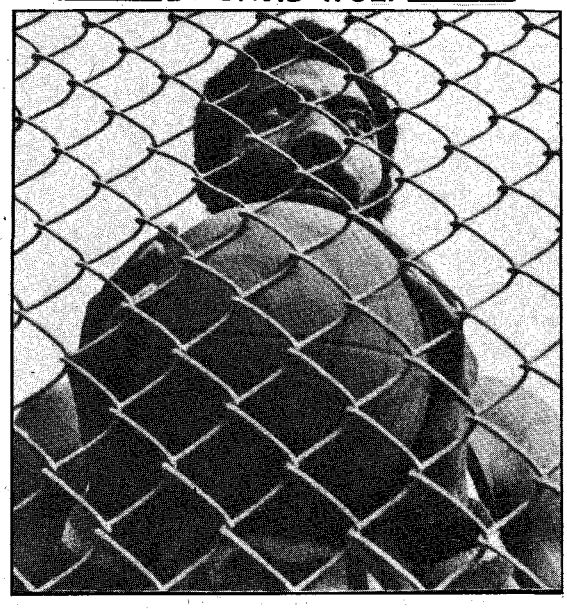
> of what is essentially a masturbatory pleasure is a woman intent on making herself, in the only meaningful sense of the term, a complete sexual object. Thus for a woman to be an object, sexually speaking, means not that she has submitted to the penis but that she has escaped it, either spiritually or in fact.

Now there is a certain delight one may take in pursuing such an argument, for Decter is wonderfully adept at turning the standard feminist arguments on their heads. Let some feminist speak of women erotically submissive to men as sexual objects and Decter will argue that women who are *not* erotically submissive to men are sexual objects. It is really something of a delightful game as it is played in *The New Chastity*, and here and there the insights are fruitful. But in the example before us there are any number of questions we are compelled to ask, to wit, is clitoral orgasm, because it may be masturbatory, therefore inevitably so? Has intention and the actual conditions of external manipulation nothing to do with the quality and nature of the experience? More, in what sense does clitoral manipulation depend upon "the absolute erotic passivity of the one who experiences it" any more than, say, normal sexual intercourse is equally dependent on passivity for a woman? That either form of erotic participation may be passively experienced by the woman should in no way prejudice an account of either mode. Sure, radical feminists who espouse masturbatory clitoral orgasm as a political weapon against men may be said to have hideously limited their own potential experience and to have made themselves sexual objects in Decter's sense. What I do not understand is Decter's refusing to acknowledge the benefits to be gained by clarifying what are in fact woman's sexual and orgasmic capacities and how these capacities may best be "liberated." There is no doubt, after all, that the sexual experience has not been what it could have been, and that this has had to do in part with misconceptions, physiological and otherwise, that the woman's movement has undertaken to correct.

I suppose this is what is most troubling about *The New Chastity:* in her attempt to answer the radical feminists, Decter has spoken as if there were few problems that a responsible grown-up would not anticipate and be able serenely to deal with. If only there were not ideology and narcissistic demands for instant gratification of every sensual whim, women would be all right—after all, haven't they gotten along well enough up to now? The point is, I think, that rising expectations are not always to be mocked or scorned even though there is bound to be some campaigning for what cannot be realistically expected, and that women have every reason to hope that as consciousness is raised, welcome changes may be brought to pass in their lives.

Nor is it always a matter of distorted expectations that we deal with in looking at the woman question. That the culture all too often has its way with us is a fact Decter herself eloquently laments, but in so lamenting she sometimes fails to acknowledge that lamentation will not in itself call us back as a people to our better selves. It will not make us loyal or sincere or even less narcissistic, nor help us cope with the predicament of women as it presents itself, here and now. New expectations are generated because the times demand more flexible responses, from the established middle-classes as well as others. When in the recent American past, for example, have so many middle-class husbands decided to light out for the territories at the first sign of wrinkling or tired blood in their 40-ish or 50-ish wives? When have so many husbands aspired to marry two or three times, to raise successive sets of children, to chuck the first, often the second wife with relatively little reticence? That women are not, by and large, prepared to deal with such circumstances is a fact I should insist upon as strenuously as any other fact of life presented in *The New Chastity*. If the women's liberation movement accomplishes nothing else, it will have been a success if it persuades numbers of women that a kind of sisterhood is indeed powerful, and that they need not sell themselves to men—body and soul—at resort singles weekends and the like so as not to feel embarrassed, worthless and lonely.

FOUL!
CONNIE HAWKINS
BY DAVID WOLF



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Women cannot be expected to pretend that their husbands will protect and in some sense honor them for services devotedly performed, when in fact things so rarely happen in that way any longer. Women must prepare for longer lives than earlier generations could anticipate, and in many cases these lives will be marked by painful abandonments by husbands, children, even friends. No more than the men can women fall back on nature.

Robert Boyers

Those Horrible Voices

Virginia Woolf. A Biography

by Quentin Bell

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

Recollections of Virginia Woolf

edited by Joan Russell Noble

(Morrow; $6.95)

Virginia Woolf and the Androgynous Vision

by Nancy Topping Bazin

(Rutgers University Press; $9)

On the jacket, back and front, of Quentin Bell's biography of Virginia Woolf are two photographs, a brooding, classically beautiful young woman of 21, and a gaunt, haunted-eyed woman a quarter-century older. The transformation of the one into the other is the compelling theme of an absorbing book. Even at 21 Adeline Virginia Stephen had known more than her share of trauma, and already feared a life of insanity. She went on fearing it until 1941, when she was 59 and certain that the voices she was hearing would never again go away. After writing two letters—one to her husband and the other to her sister Vanessa—she took her walking stick and made her way across the spring-flooded Sussex meadows to the River Ouse, where she put down her stick and forced a large stone into the pocket of her coat. It was still there when her body was recovered.

With Virginia Woolf went Bloomsbury, however many of its denizens survived her. She had been its sibyl, although she had been late in admission to its charmed circle. Its unmuscular world originally attracted intellectual male hedonists. The attractive Stephen sisters—Vanessa and Virginia—became involved through their brother Thoby, whose Cambridge friends were the logical yet unexpected outgrowth of the generation of Sir Leslie Stephen. The austere, lushly bearded Stephen was a liberal thinker in the Huxley tradition, and thinking was not the only freedom permitted in the household, for the children could read anything in their father's library, although he suggested that *Trilby* might be unsuitable. But Virginia could not, like her brothers, go to school. It was still inappropriate for a Victorian female.

Born in 1882, Virginia was the third child of Sir Leslie's second marriage, to a young widow, Julia Duckworth, who had three children of her own, while Stephen's only previous child was a daughter later institutionalized as insane. Whatever tendency toward madness existed on the Stephen side was also inherited by Virginia, and no young woman brought up in stifling Victorian respectability was ever pushed closer—or more often—to the brink, inheriting not only a sickly but beautiful mother and a scholarly patriarch of a father, but a paragon of a half-sister and a monster of a half-brother.

Literary critic and historian, Leslie Stephen in the year of Virginia's birth became editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, one of the most formidable scholarly enterprises of his time. Its demands, and the strict manner in which he thought he ran his household, somehow kept him from keen observation of what was going on under his own roof, some particulars of which appeared later in his daughter's novel *To the Lighthouse*—and some did not. The crucial omitted element is the family by the previous marriage, one child of which, George Duckworth, had used his opportunities as fond elder brother—he was 14 years older than Virginia—to fondle his half-sisters in a quite unbrotherly manner. "I still shiver with shame," Virginia wrote a friend in the last year of her life, "at the memory of my half-brother, standing me on a ledge, aged about six or so, exploring my private parts." But there was nowhere to turn for support against George, Quentin Bell—Vanessa's younger son—writes. "It would have been hard . . . to know at what point to draw a line, to voice objections, to risk evoking a painful and embarrassing scandal: harder still to find someone to whom they could speak at all. Stella [Duckworth], Leslie, the aunts—all would have been bewildered, horrified, indignant and incredulous." And the familiarities grew more loathsome as Virginia grew older. Her sister, who suffered them less, came to believe, Quentin Bell writes, and we may choose to doubt, "that George himself was more than half unaware that what started with pure sympathy ended by becoming a nasty erotic skirmish." In any event George Duckworth eventually found a wife, and a respectable solution to his frustrations, but Virginia by then was 22. "Eros," as Bell puts it, had already come too often "with a commotion of leathern wings, a figure of mawkish incestuous sexuality."

The experience affected more than Virginia Woolf's novels; yet she might have survived it had it been the only trauma in her adolescent life. But when she was a child, life around her fell apart. Her frail mother was harassed by the needs of her temperamental and worry-ridden father to be "fortified and protected from the world" so that he could complete volume after volume of the

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enormous *Dictionary*, but in 1888 (the year of George Duckworth's first gropings) Leslie Stephen collapsed. He was ill again in 1890 and 1891, suffering from insomnia and what he called "fits of the horrors." He had to give up his editorship, and thereafter worried incessantly and unnecessarily about finances. In 1895 Julia Duckworth Stephen died, after apparently recovering from influenza. Virginia was 13. In a matter of months she had her first breakdown.

Half-sister Stella, a selfless substitute parent, married two years later but remained nearby. But after three months she died of peritonitis, an event which further crushed Virginia. The two Stephen daughters lived on with their father until he died early in 1904, whereupon Virginia had a second serious breakdown, afterwards certain that madness constantly lurked within, and could come whenever her pulse raced, or she was depressed, or "those horrible voices" blurred her mind. Then in 1906 her beloved brother Thoby died of typhoid fever. Miraculously this time, Virginia preserved her sanity, and when Vanessa soon after married art critic Clive Bell, the two remaining Stephen children (Adrian was the youngest) lived by themselves, Virginia by this time a minor essayist and reviewer, accepted by Thoby's former Cambridge friends as part of their circle.

Vanessa's marriage had forced Virginia to take stock of her own situation, and the options were unsatisfactory. She could remain with her ineffectual brother Adrian, or find a husband herself. Most of the interesting men she knew were unsuitably homosexual; yet, hardly interested in a passionate marriage, she found that a not-insuperable problem, and wangled a proposal out of potentially the least suitable of husbands, Lytton Strachey, in Bell's description "an impossible character and . . . the arch-bugger of Bloomsbury." Both sisters admired his mind, but Vanessa remarked, "I should like Lytton as a brother-in-law better than anyone I know but the only way I can perceive of bringing that to pass would be if he were to fall in love with Adrian—& even then Adrian would probably reject him."

Strachey, to his relief, was soon able to take back his proposal, Virginia assuring him that she did not love him, and convinced that she would have to find another direction for herself. "I think a great deal of my future," she wrote prophetically to Clive Bell, "& settle what books I am to write—how I shall re-form the novel & capture multitudes of things at present fugitive, enclose the whole, & shape infinite strange shapes. . . ." But to do so she needed a measure of stability in her life that could come neither from the married men among the Bloomsburyites who fancied her (including Vanessa's husband) nor from the unmarriageables. In 1911 the solution arrived in the form of a Cambridge friend of Thoby's who had become a civil servant in Ceylon, from where he had written to Strachey two years earlier (when Lytton half-seriously suggested him as a substitute), "Do you think Virginia would have me? Wire me if she accepts. I'll take the next boat home."

The obstacles to a marriage between Virginia Stephen and Leonard Woolf were many, geographical distance the least of them. There was a greater gulf between Fitzroy Square and Woolf's ostensible home in Putney, where his widowed mother was a cliché of a Jewish matriarch. But Leonard Woolf, after returning on leave early in 1911, never went back to Ceylon. With no alternative prospects he nevertheless resigned his post and turned his energies toward wooing Virginia. That they were married at the St. Pancras Registry Office proved nothing since both were agnostics; but that they were married on a Saturday morning, when no other Woolfs could have been present, indicated the extent of the break Leonard Woolf was making with his family. Later there were perfunctory visits back and forth, but Leonard and Virginia Woolf had more immediate concerns. She had a small income and he had no job. He was unusual among his friends by being heterosexual but she soon wrote a friend, "I find the climax immensely exaggerated."

These became small problems when her recurrent headaches turned again into depression, and after a stay in a nursing home she attempted suicide and nearly succeeded. Yet despite a marriage which seems almost a catalogue of Virginia's mental history (and Leonard kept a daily record of her health), and which was so trying to Leonard that for years he sacrificed his own career to it, it was a relationship which worked on every level. The emotional and intellectual bond between them was absolute. When no one else could have induced her to go on living, Leonard Woolf helped her recapture her sanity and even recover a measure of her ebullience; and he was midwife to her novels, even to buying a printing press and installing it in their house to establish the Hogarth Press, which printed them. When other personalities intruded into her life, as did the brilliant and beautiful lesbian writer (and wife of Harold Nicolson) Vita Sackville-West, Woolf quietly stood aside and let what he thought good for her mental balance happen. The interval resulted in Virginia's witty tour de force of time-shift and sex-change, *Orlando*. But the voices never completely left, and Virginia continually feared their return for good. When air raids over Sussex and other problems convinced her that she was going to go mad again, the worry over its possibility was enough. In one of her sanest letters, her last to her husband, she explained, "I am doing what seems to be the best thing to do. You have given me the greatest possible happiness. You have been in every way all that anyone could be. I don't think two people could have been happier. . . ."

It was a curious happiness, focused upon the heroic, unwavering mutual struggle for Virginia Woolf's mind, and it makes Leonard Woolf the hero of the second volume (the American edition binds the two English volumes as one) as George Duckworth was the villain of the first. When I visited Leonard Woolf in his 87th year, in the book-strewn cottage in Rodmell from which Virginia went off to her death, I saw a man whose weathered face was so enseamed that it appeared unlikely there was room for another trench. The biography makes it clear that each could have been another chevron marking an episode in the grim, long battle. Leonard Woolf by then had lived a generation on his own, and had become a sage in his own right. He had earned his peace, and would have been further content had he known the outcome of one of his last literary gestures, the commissioning of his nephew, who had lived in the Bloomsbury milieu through many of his aunt's creative years, to write this candid and often witty book, which gains from his art historian background both in understanding of many of the principals and in an addiction to a delicious variety of metaphor to which the reader of literary biography is unaccustomed. (Lady Ottoline Morrell, for example, "was as decorative and as outlandish as an Austrian baroque church and from that remarkable edifice that she inhabited there issued a voice that had something of the roaring of a lion; it seemed to be rolled out upon her improbable Hapsburg chin; and withal she had a certain grace, a certain majesty of address which

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was at once intimidating and seductive.") Not a work of literary criticism, it is still so informative about the backgrounds of Virginia Woolf's writing that no critic will be able to study the novels without it, and no reader of the novels will fail to profit from the added dimension gained from Quentin Bell's account. Bloomsbury, too, will never be the same.

Bloomsbury's own—and more reticent—portrait of its leading lady emerges from Joan Russell Noble's *Recollections of Virginia Woolf*, which collects 27 published reminiscences, parts of a BBC television film and memoirs solicited from her own generation and the next. The montage is a remarkable one, and not only complements Quentin Bell but adds to the grist for future biographers and critics. Rosamond Lehmann remembers "the quivering antennae of her senses," Janet Vaughan her "enormous beauty . . . of bone," William Plomer her radiation not of age but of "quality," Alix Strachey that she was "like somebody belonging to another world," David Cecil also that she seemed "outside ordinary life," Nigel Nicolson that her voice was "like old red velvet," and that Leonard Woolf cared for her "as if he were looking after a very precious Ming vase which was known to have been slightly cracked and which must be handled with care." To John Lehmann she once forecast the time when "I shall be under the pond, with the goldfish swimming over me," and to the young daughter of Barbara Bagenal she joked, "Will you come with me to Woolworth's to buy a large india-rubber? I want to rub out all my novels." It was the anxiety she felt after completing almost every book.

In some ways, recent critics will find their views reinforced by the life and the memoirs; in other cases revaluation will be necessary, for Virginia Woolf's compulsion to set down (as she put it in her diary) "the exact shapes my brain holds" can now be traced to the very shapes themselves. Nancy Topping Bazin suggests in the new and provocative *Virginia Woolf and the Androgynous Vision* that the writer's efforts "to understand and harmonize the feminine and masculine aspects of her own nature were further complicated by the mental illness from which she suffered." Now we know that the feminine and masculine aspects of her nature may be directly traceable to the causes of the mental illness itself. "I believe," writes Professor Bazin, "that Virginia Woolf's experience during mania is related to what she would have considered an essentially feminine vision of life and that her experience during depression is related to what she would have considered an essentially masculine vision of life. Moreover, . . . *To the Lighthouse* would seem to suggest that she related her periods of mania to her mother and her periods of depression primarily, although not exclusively, to her father." The comfortable critical simplification now must make room for George Duckworth, among others.

In order to describe Virginia Woolf's madness from her own point of view, Quentin Bell makes use of passages from *The Voyage Out* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, and in order to describe her life he makes use of passages from *To the Lighthouse* or *Jacob's Room*. But we learn little about the novels themselves except as letters or diary entries evoke for us the state of her mind as she imagined them, or worried over them in retrospect, always "almost afraid, remembering the voices that used to fly ahead." However magical was her sensibility and her genius to transmute it into art, what we do learn is that Virginia Woolf was always afraid of Virginia Woolf.

Stanley Weintraub

Correspondence

Job Quotas

Sirs:

Has Alexander M. Bickel any evidence ("More on Quotas," *TNR*, Oct. 28) that universities are rejecting qualified (presumably white male) applicants in favor of less qualified female and black candidates? Does he have any facts to show that this heinous quota system is "compromising and ruining our society, morally and practically?" Why is it easier (as he simply asserts) to show up a recruitment program which is a sham than it is to turn such a program into a sinister "quota" system which will of course be euphemistically called something else. As any victim of discrimination knows, it is devilishly hard to prove. The person "they" hire (or interview, if they won't interview you) was just "more qualified." What can you do to show up sham . . . or just plain discrimination?

I have carefully and exhaustively studied the deplorable record of universities in employing qualified women and it is simply a scandal. Furthermore, it apparently takes the threat of million-dollar losses to force them to consent to think about hiring women or even to paying them equal pay for equal work—to say nothing of promotion and tenure. Also the old-fashioned kind of quota—the "bad" kind which aims at keeping certain people *out* is still very much alive. Many departments have their quotas on women—just so many, no more. Thousands of women with BAs including summa cum laudes from Radcliffe must type for a living at dismal pay and even more dismal work because all other doors are just simply closed to them. I have never met a single male (except in the army) who would even be considered *low enough* (in the caste system) for such a job. The discrepancy between education and opportunity for money and advancement for women in this country is so vast that one wonders sometimes why they even bother to educate women at all! I cannot believe that Harvard and Yale have been forced by HEW to hire inferior, unqualified women. If so, I would be the first to protest. Heavens, scrub women at Harvard, masquerading as professors!

Jean Leighton
Bemidji, Minnesota

The Aftermath

Sirs:

Re failure to renew subscription. My reason is simple: you have gone from objective and impartial liberalism to advocacy and narrow-mindedness. You have bought and tried to sell George McGovern rather than being objective toward him. He has enormous areas of weakness which you have decided to ignore. Liberals must criticise liberals, and you have abandoned your central function.

G. Dana Hobart
Los Angeles, California

Sirs:

I have been reading *The New Republic*, man and boy for over 30 years, but I never intend to subscribe to it again. You helped buy the Nixon victory. For months longer than necessary you dissected and redissected, and then chopped up McGovern above and beyond the call of duty. There was never a horse you did not beat to death, and in killing McGovern you killed the spirit of many of us who worked for him. Now, great liberal God . . . you will have

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Nixon to kick around for four more years.

Dean E. Snyder
Ashland, Oregon

Employment Programs

Sirs:

There are two errors in our recent article, "Public Jobs, Public Needs" (*TNR*, Nov. 4) we would like to correct.

The number of full-time year-round workers whose wages fell below $7000 in 1970 was indeed 10.9 million, but this is 30 percent of the *full-time, year-round* labor force, *not* the total labor force. The forecast that a $10 billion public employment program à la Cranston would (with a multiplier of two) "cut unemployment nearly in half" is incorrect. Two million extra jobs would surely have a sizable impact on the unemployment rate, but the precise effect is hard to forecast, since—as new jobs are generated by a growing economy—more people enter the labor force in search of work. If public employment is implemented without complementary expansionist fiscal and monetary policies (or is accompanied by "compensatory budget cutbacks" or offsetting taxes), then its net effect on overall unemployment could be virtually nil. That is why we stipulate "deficit spending" as the means of financing Senator Cranston's program.

Bennett Harrison
Harold L. Sheppard
William J. Spring

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

play, set in a South Carolina city in 1918, is a very mixed bag: of dramaturgic lumps, orated themes, and engaging contextual material. It's the story of a black-white love affair, which has been going on for 10 years and which is kept from legal status by the law. The couple's dream is to emigrate to New York where they can marry. Why they thought they could be happy in the New York of 1918 is not explained, but perhaps the harsh reality that would lie ahead of the dream, if it were fulfilled, is the author's tacit irony. None of the narrative is easily handled, and the ending, in which the white lover dies of some unexplained illness, is irrelevant pathos, extraneous to the play's idea. But much of what goes on around the main story is rich and flavorful.

Except for James Broderick, as the white lover, who is bland, the cast is exceptionally good. Clarice Taylor, the socially ambitious black landlady, draws her role with humorous-sympathetic strokes, and Albert Hall, a smoldering young black man, is particularly fine.

Ming Cho Lee's setting shows us a yard with the backs of three houses, the middle one with the wall missing to disclose the heroine's bedroom. The design is a series of very conventional solutions to the problems posed, and the placing of the heroine's large bed—a central factor—is the most trite and troublesome element of the lot.

The play was directed by the author and her producer, Joseph Papp. They seem to have collided in intent as much as the actors almost seem to collide on stage. I have rarely seen so good a group of actors so clumsily directed, so *unhelped*. With good direction, Ruby Dee, even in this patchy script, could have been even better than she is. I had the sense that she was feeling her way, directorially speaking, at the same time that she was acting. Still she fights her way to moments in which she is fine.

In September 1971 the New York City Center proposed plans for the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater, at the latter's invitation, to use the Beaumont building more sensibly and to provide needed additional income. The plans involved moving the (downstairs) Forum theater intact, probably to the huge backstage area of the (upstairs) Beaumont, where it would have occupied only 41 percent of all that unused space; the vacated downstairs space would then have been used for three small cinématheque film theaters, each to show five films a day seven days a week, year-round, and a film museum. The rest of the downstairs area (considerable) would have been rentable as shops, offices, etc. These plans were supported by Jules Irving, head of the Lincoln Center Rep.

Then the culture-vultures got busy, crying that the holy province of the theater was being desecrated, the City Center people weren't interested in theater, only in power and in films, money could be raised otherwise, and so on. The weathervane Irving changed his stance.

I argued in favor of the City Center plans (*TNR*, Oct. 23, 1971) on economic and artistic grounds and as a chance for change of management. Dore Schary, in a letter to *TNR* (Nov. 27, 1971), contended that I had got the story wrong and that the Lincoln Center operation "was not in danger of going under financially." The Schary faction won; the City Center people withdrew their plans.

Just one year later, October 27, 1972, we read that, for budget reasons, the board of directors of the Lincoln Center Rep had cancelled the remainder of the Forum season (after the bill now in preparation) and that, in protest, Jules Irving had resigned. (The "theater-hating" City Center, by the way, has since sponsored a repertory company, reviewed here two weeks ago.)

In short, a plan that might have helped to obviate the present financial crisis was killed last year by "friends" of the Forum, and now the Forum is to be closed because of that crisis. The City Center people are now otherwise occupied. And Jules Irving is out (at the end of the season).

I can't regret the last. In the circumstances his resignation is honorable; but besides his questionable artistic qualifications, he had questionable guts last year. If he had stuck to his guns when the City Center plan was first proposed, instead of being swayed by the grandstanding and basically irresponsible "purists," he might not have had to resign just one year later.

I wish that all of last year's arguments against the City Center plan could now be engraved on leaden albatrosses and hung round the necks of Dore Schary and friends.

Book Note. Viking Press has just published *Theatre of War*, 32 articles written during the last decade by that masterly critic, Eric Bentley ($12.50). I particularly enjoyed rereading his pellucid essays on Shaw, Pirandello, and Brecht.

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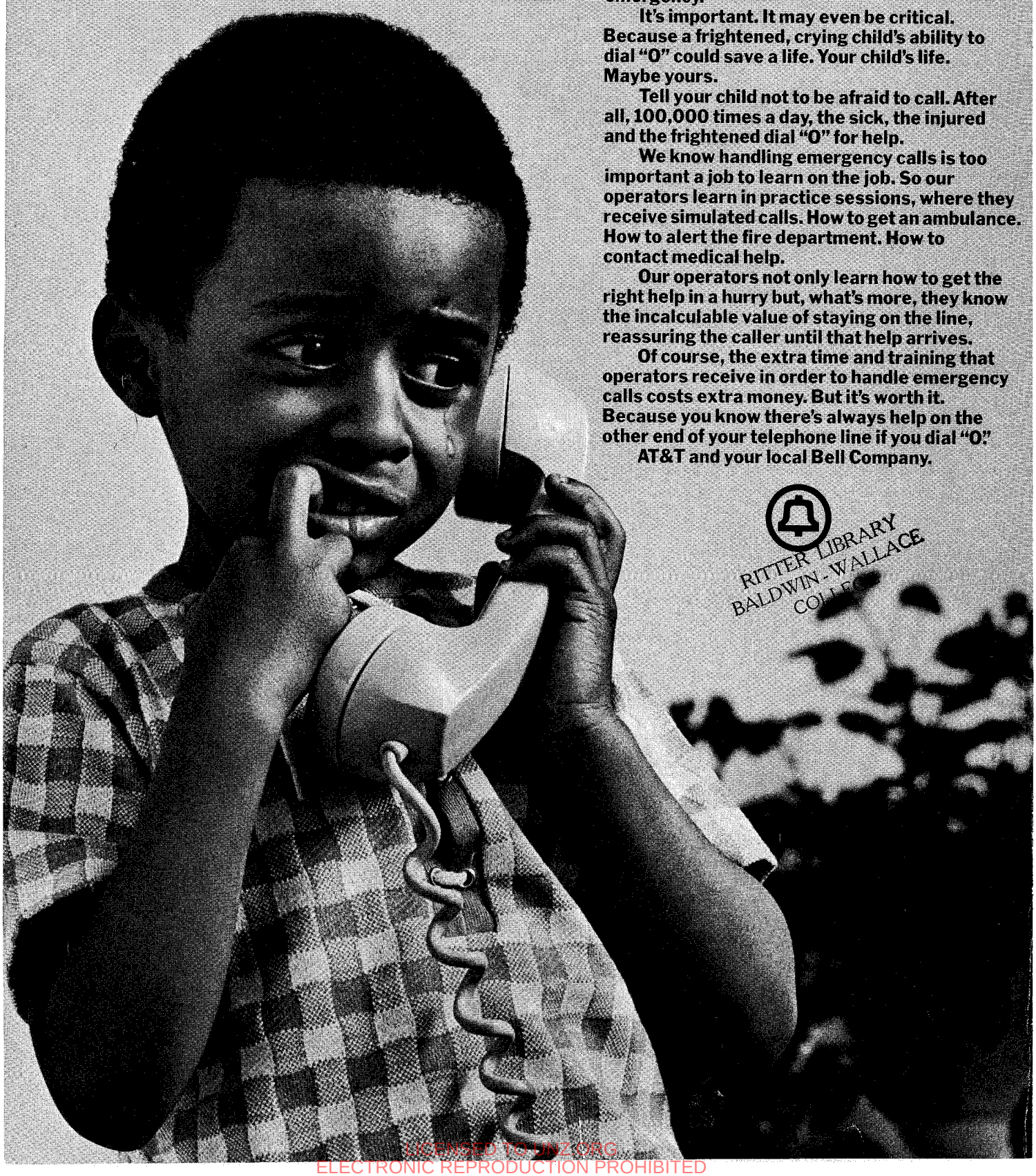

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